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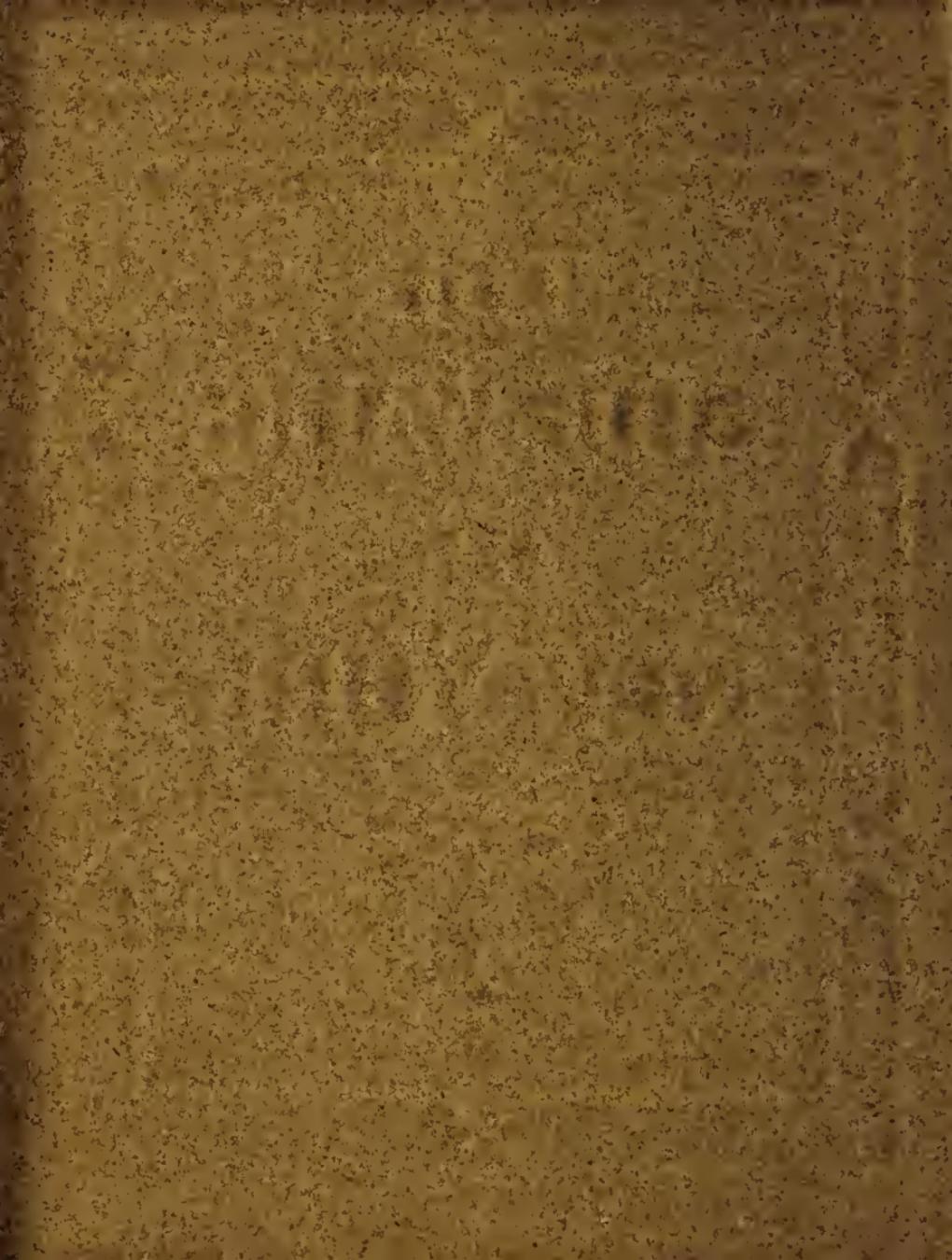
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SUDI YANKS

ON

NEW YORK

(, 1933)



THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

BY BERNARDINE KIELTY



*Published for the Bowman Hotels,
John McEntee Bowman, President*



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BOWMAN HOTELS

Hotel Biltmore.....New York City
Hotel Commodore.....New York City
Hotel Belmont.....New York City
Hotel Ansonia.....New York City
Murray Hill Hotel.....New York City
Providence Biltmore.....Providence, R. I.
Los Angeles Biltmore.....Los Angeles, Cal.
Atlanta Biltmore.....Atlanta, Ga.
(Now Building)
Sevilla Biltmore.....Havana, Cuba
Griswold Hotel.....New London, Conn.
(June to October)
Bellevue Hotel....Belleair Heights, Florida
(January to April)

Westchester Biltmore Country Club.....
Rye, New York

“THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK”

INTRODUCTION

New York, to many people, is a Mecca. They come to the city, expectant and eager, convinced that there they are going to see life in its most vivid form. They tingle in expectation of finding that romance of “the big city,” which we all get from our childhood books. They conjure up pictures of theatrical contrasts—of the magnificently rich and the piteously poor; and some of them wonder curiously about the quaint spots, those oases in the busy city life, where history peeps through. They thrill at the prospect of seeing strange foreigners, charming and exotic,—in this, the biggest port in the world.

But how many leave New York after that first trip, disappointed and disillusioned! True, it has been different from the home city,—because it has been noisier and more

crowded; the shows were good, surely, but one was too tired to enjoy them. The stores were like lots of others—only bigger. The people! The visitor often thinks to himself, but doesn't admit it to others—that all the talk about “the romance of a big city” is just childish. He wants to get back to where there is one rich man he can respect, and where there are unfortunates whom he can help. The foreigners looked like anybody else. The great railroad stations, Fifth Avenue, 42nd Street, and 34th Street,—were hardly what one could call quaint or picturesque!—He only knows that he is tired out, and wants to get home. New York is not what he was led to believe!

The object of this little book, then, is to reassure such a visitor and to prevent the others who come here, expectant, from turning away disappointed. It is to show the visitor that New York *has* all the thrill one has dreamed about! That it has in its narrow confines bits of every European capital,—each quite complete, and true to its proto-

type; and that it carries in its fast-growing buildings and its fast-filling streets, from old Battery Park north to the borders of fashionable suburbs, the very recapitulation of American history! For, centered here in New York, there is not only an accumulation of old world culture, but without question, the germinating ideas and ideals of the future. New York has become far more cosmopolitan than London, and gayer than Paris. It is, indeed, the city unique.

Its very size is dramatic! If all of the eight great cities of the United States, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh,—were transplanted with all their people to the section lying within fifty miles of New York City, their combined population would not equal the number already resident in this area! There are twice as many people in this area now, as in all of Australia, and there are a million more than in the entire Dominion of Canada. And this, only three hundred years after the four "first

families” of Walloons from South Holland, landed at what later became Castle Garden! In 1664 there were three hundred and fifty buildings put up in Manhattan; in 1922 there was \$585,000,000 worth of new construction! In 1622 the town had fewer than 270 people; in 1922 it had over 5,620,000!

No,—one must not leave such a city, disappointed. There must be a reason for its greatness. And everyone who can, owes a duty to himself to know a great deal about this young vigorous community, which now bears such weight in domestic and international politics, by reason of its enormous wealth, and which will undoubtedly wield an increasing power in the future destinies of peoples. No thinking person, however he loves his own place in the sun, can afford to scorn New York. No person, American or foreigner, can do justice to the life of any nation, of any art, of any cult,—until he knows how New York stands on that particular subject. Americans who want to express themselves come in thousands to New York to

do so. Europeans who could not express themselves at home find New York hospitable to their individualities. Asiatics and Africans likewise have come to the "land of opportunity," and have remained—in New York.

Perhaps you wouldn't want to live here. Many feel they could not stand up under the strain. But you must,—at least once,—feel its inspiration. You must, for one week out of a lifetime, see the greatest city in the world. There is not a person who comes to New York, who will not find in it at least one point of contact.

For each one of us has some definite interest in life. If your interest is in business, you see the epitome of it in the canyons of Wall Street. You can mingle in the throngs of well-dressed men filling the streets at noon time, and see among them those who are dealing concretely day by day with that intangible power we call international finance.

If your interests are social and economic, where else can you see such a vivid presentation of the immigration problem as on New

"THE SIDEWALKS

York's lower east side; or where could you observe more vividly those dangerous elements that make for crime, than in the notorious Gas House district, or in the mixed black and white population of San Juan Hill?

If your interest is in fashions, there is smart Fifth Avenue, the sporty shops of Broadway, and the more elegant ones of Madison and Park Avenues. If it is in amusements—just walk to Times Square about eight any evening! If it is in people—stroll through East Houston Street one day and see perhaps a real Hungarian wedding,—or through Mulberry Street on any of the numerous Holy Days, to see how picturesquely the Italians give voice to their religious emotions, just as they do in the mountain wilds of old Sicily or in the romantic byways of Naples!

It is not inconceivable that the time is coming, when New York will lose this flavor. There may be a time, not many generations hence, when Manhattan Island, the stage of all the city's romantic history, may be just a commercial center,—a business island to

which her peoples commute. The ever increasing network of underground tunnels, layers upon layers of tubes, subways, vehicular tunnels,—as well as additional bridges and elevated lines, may ultimately unpeople the island! Business rents are so enormous that apartment seekers can not bear the competition. And figures tell us that from 1910 to 1920 there was an actual annual decline of 47,439 residents in the Borough of Manhattan, while the outlying spots were showing relative increases. Even the slum districts exhibit the same tendency. The Jews of the Ghetto are moving out and filling the Bronx; and figures from the most congested blocks of the Italian section show that even though births have exceeded deaths in this district, at the rate of 20.7 per 1,000 persons in the last ten years, still the population has actually decreased by over 6,000!

So the time is ripe now to see the drama of New York! It is in transition; it is full of variety and contrasts; it shows so striking-

ly the evidences of its humble past, and the illimitable possibilities of the future!

Of course, it is impossible to put into the confines of a book so small as this, any adequate idea of what New York is or what it includes. But it *is* possible to indicate its high water marks of interest; to point out the spots that make its contrasts. It is possible to direct a stranger,—and who in New York is not a stranger?—so that, in one week of carefully planned trips about the city, he can see enough to appreciate its enormous variety, and take back home with him a medley of life that will stimulate his thought and emotions for many months to come.

There are innumerable guide books about New York. Some are merely directories; others are commercial guides to its business buildings, stores, hotels, restaurants, theatres; others, and not a few, are charming detailed pictures of the city, old and new. All of these are interesting and most decidedly have their place in the visitors' reading list. But this particular volume aims to cover the essentials

of all of these. It purposed to pick out from the mass of information, the bits that are most significant, historically or artistically. It will tell, definitely, where the spot of interest is, and why it is of utmost importance to visit it. It will emphasize also the queer outlandish places, so often neglected in guide books, those neighborhoods so easily passed by, but pregnant with historical interest and quaint charm.

In fine print, at the heading of each chapter, will be found a brief description of the route to take, which will cover most economically all of the places mentioned. In parenthesis throughout the context will be indicated slightly divergent routes which might be of interest.



NEW AMSTERDAM AND MODERN FINANCE

(Subway or elevated train to Bowling Green. Route: from Bowling Green Park S to State; E to Whitehall; N to Pearl; E and N on Pearl to Hanover Square. W on William to So. William; S to Broad. N on Broad to Wall. W to B'way (Trinity Church). W on Thames to Greenwich. S to Albany and Carlisle. Then N to Cedar. W to Washington. S on Washington to Battery Place. Walk N on B'way—or take subway—from Battery Pl. to Fulton (St. Paul's). W on Vesey to Washington; return E on Vesey to Church; N to Barclay; E on Barclay to B'way. S one block to Ann; E to William; S to John; N again on William to Fulton; E on Fulton to Pearl; N on Pearl to Frankfort; W to City Hall Park. Across park to Woolworth Bldg.)

The most logical place to start seeing New York is at its southern tip,—at the Battery. It is the beginning of the city, historically as well as geographically, and presents the most dramatic picture of the city's contrasts. Go down, one morning, then, to Bowling Green,—and ramble. Watch the street names and keep an eye out for a quaint old door-way,

hidden in the darkness beneath an elevated train. Look not only at the towering buildings rising all about you, but also at the streets they line, narrow and full of queer twists and curves. Remember that there is a meaning—way back in its history,—for every curve and every twist!

The whole area of this oldest part of New York is not great. Bounded by the two rivers meeting in the bay, and extending up to Wall Street,—every street of it zigzagging back and forth,—it can be traversed in an hour. But give it more time! For every pavement you cross follows exactly the path beaten out by Dutch wooden shoes, and every great building you wonder at, rests on a spot where once stood the cottage of a Van Dam or a Maerschalk; or lies in the big field spaces on which these old Dutchmen used to gaze.

As you come out of the subway and get the breath of fresh sea air blowing in from the bay,—just think for a minute of the town that was there, not so long ago. Forget the rumble of elevated trains for a few seconds,

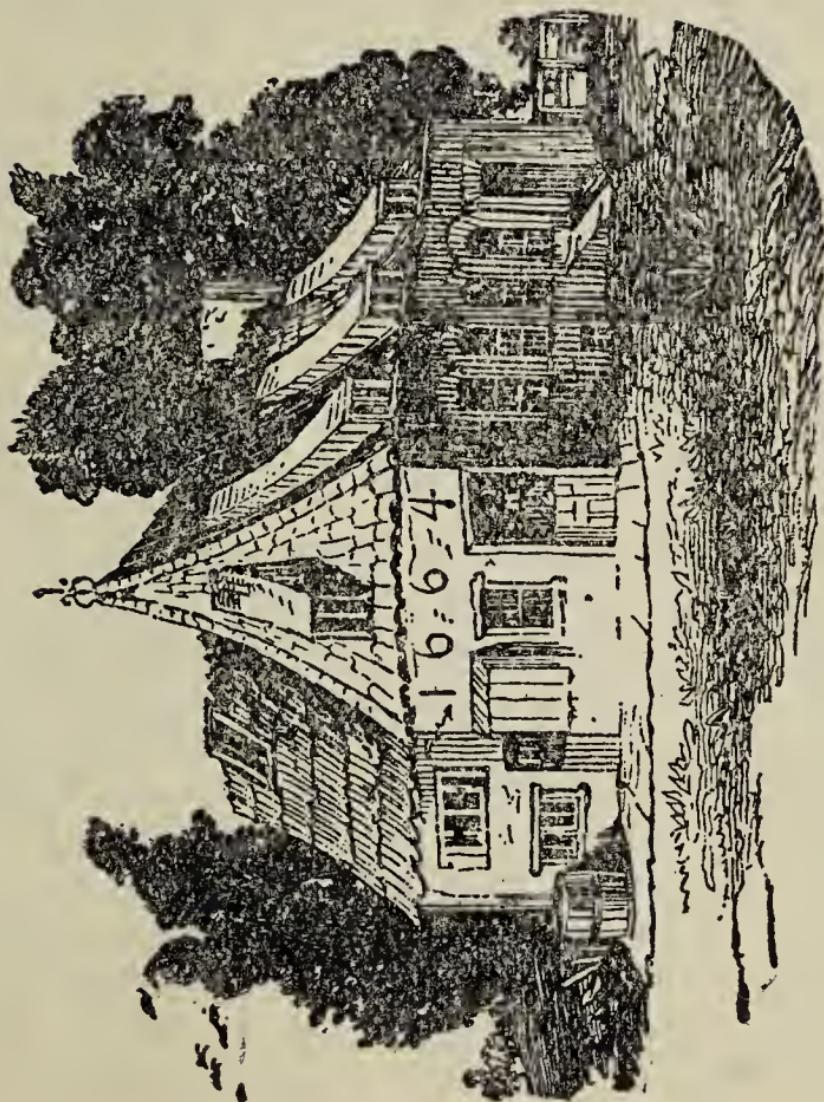
and try to visualize New Amsterdam three hundred years ago.

In 1613, four little cottages were clustered a few rods up from where you stand (41 Broadway). These were built by Adrian Block and his mates—shipwrecked men who had escaped from their burning sloop, the "Tiger." But the first real settlers, four families of Walloons, arriving in 1623, came determined to stay. They multiplied their settlement to thirty houses in a short time, and in ten years had completed the foundations of a fort.

This was called Fort Amsterdam, and it remained throughout the life of the Dutch town, its military and social center. At that time the stretch of the park spreading out before you now, was still under water, and the old fort, on the site of the present Customs House, easily commanded the entrance to both Hudson and East Rivers. Built of earth and stone and having four bastions, it rose proudly above the small houses with their steeply sloping roofs. Here Peter Minuit used to

hear law cases, usually telling the contestants that he would take three days to consider the case. Here Van Twiller enveloped all his counsellors and visitors in the smoke of that rare tobacco, grown at Sappokanican,—the present Greenwich Village; here Governor Kieft planned his Indian raids, with such dire results; and here Peter Stuyvesant,—that hardy, honest Dutchman,—was compelled to surrender to the British.

The main gate of the fort opened on Bowling Green,—the tiny triangular park at the foot of Broadway, surrounded even now by an ancient battered iron rail. The children played in this open space, the little girls with their many, many layers of petticoats, and little boys with funny long trousers. The youths and maidens danced there around the maypole. Their elders met there, and traded formally with the Indians. It was probably there that Governor Peter Minuit, in 1626, purchased the whole of Manhattan Island for \$24, a big sum for the poor struggling frontiersmen. It was from this spot that the little



AN OLD DUTCH HOUSE

haphazard paths grew into roads, and then into our present-day streets.

One of these old paths ran over to the ferry which connected the old town of those days with the present Brooklyn. It followed the curve of the shore line,—and became Pearl Street. The old bend it had to take around the fort is still noticeable.

Another path, soon worn into a road was the present lower Broadway, going from the fort as far north as the present Park Row, near City Hall, passing thence into the wilderness, and coming out at Governor Stuyvesant's remote farm, his "Bouwerie,"—now St. Mark's Place and 10th Street. A third distinct path was along the palisades of the town,—none less than Wall Street! This was built as a defense against that "lithe, aggressive race,"—the New Englanders!

Within the little town ran a canal, called the Gracht, now Broad Street, which the Dutch, of course, adored, and on which they built their choicest houses. From the canal to the Fort ran several little lanes. There

was Beaver Street, the path beside a little creek which ended in a swamp; there was Stone Street, so named because it was the first to be paved, 1657; Bridge Street, leading to a crossing over the canal; and Marketfield Street, once Petticoat Lane, and now one of the shortest streets in the city. Mill Street, now Williams, was named for the old horse mill where the Dutch held their Sunday meetings, and near by were Tin Pot Alley (Exchange Place) and Drain Ditch (Hanover Street).

Outside the wall a few scattered lanes were beaten gradually into thoroughfares. Maiden Lane, where the girls used to wash and bleach their clothes along the brook, and now sparkling with jewelry shops, still follows the curve of the little stream that flowed down this slope. A certain cartway, granted to Teunis de Kay, from the wall to the Commons (City Hall Park) became Pie Woman's Lane, and now,—lined still with little eating places for the thousands of clerks and stenographers,—is Nassau Street.

In those days houses were renting for \$20 a year, public wells were just being constructed, and the town was lighted by lanterns hung out at the end of a pole from every seventh house. Police protection consisted of one night watchman; fast driving was prohibited; and also the shooting of game within the city limits. Sanitary laws ordered that swine running at large be shot, and every householder was forced to sweep in front of his door every Friday morning! It was not until long afterwards, that the monthly stages between New York and Boston, and the weekly packet to Staten Island connected the funny little town with the rest of the colonies.

In the meantime, with its big clean Dutch matrons and its honest, beer-loving fathers, the town gradually spread out, and in 1664, without any bloodshed, fell into British hands. Then it fell back again to the Dutch, and was called for a few months New Orange. Again, once more, it became English, and from that time on, it lived fairly peaceably—on through the struggling Colonial days. In time a statue

of King George III was erected in Bowling Green, only to be torn down in 1776. The heads of the royal family which adorned the railing posts were ruthlessly battered off and the fractures can even now be seen in the iron railing still surrounding the little park. Here, too, took place the Stamp Act Riot, and here Washington reviewed the triumphant Federal troops in 1787.

Start here, then, in the always open space of Bowling Green,—for your ramble through oldest New York.

Due to the four enormous fires that in past years have swept over the lower end of the island, there is nothing left of the old Dutch town except the twists in the streets,—unless it be the everlasting monument of New York's commerce, so vividly realized in the skyscrapers, and so inevitably the heritage of those hearty old traders. There are, however, a few mementoes of Colonial days felt, and at the expense of zigzagging about, and of wandering occasionally under noisy elevated trains, do not fail to tramp over all the old

streets, and look at the few colonial doorways and tiny paned windows smiling sadly through their grime.

From Bowling Green, go down to State Street, and look along as you go at the Custom House. Remember that there stood the old Dutch fort we have been talking about, and later, after the Revolution, the Government House which the young nation started to build, while New York was still the capital of the republic. On State Street—in 1800, the most fashionable street,—stands one of the oldest houses. It is number 7, now, ironically enough, housing Irish immigrant girls; while number 9 is famous as the home of John Morton, called by the British the “rebel banker” because of his large loans to the Continental Congress. Whitehall Street, which you meet next, was named from the White House, built there by Governor Stuyvesant. And out from it curves Pearl Street, one of those first three lanes of New Amsterdam.

As you wander over Pearl Street, you reach Fraunces’ Tavern, one of the oldest and most

picturesque buildings left standing. It retains nearly its original appearance and is worth an intensive visit. Built by Etienne De Lancey in 1719, it became a tavern in 1762, and besides many other scenes of political and social significance, it staged the Evacuation Day banquet to General Washington in 1783, and heard his touching farewell speech to his officers. It is one of the three finest colonial structures in New York. (A little girl going there with her father not long ago, and duly instructed on the way as to its significance, jumped back in amazement when the door was opened, and a porter in colonial livery stood before them. "*Is it George Washington?*" she burst out delightedly!—Would that history could live that way for more of us!)

At number 73 Pearl Street stood the original Stadt Huys, the first city hall, and at number 81, Bradford's first printing press. Up from the shore, nearby, ran a little lane, Coenties Alley, named from Coen and his wife, Antys Ten Eyck, and still curiously contained in its original confines. Coenties'

Slip has now been filled in and is Jeanette Park.

After the darkness of Pearl Street, the open space of Hanover Square with its dignified "India House,"—is a relief. Once called Printing House Square, it was the fashionable center of English New York. At 119 lived General Jean Victor Moreau who tried to assassinate Napoleon, and on the same side, in 1691, lived no less a personage than Captain Kidd! Frequently entertained in the fort, he was undoubtedly a useful friend to the governor.

Turning over William Street, and wandering into South William, once the Mill Street where the Dutch first went to church, you can see the remainders of the tradition in funny little Mill Lane. And through South William Street to Broad, you go north through the busiest and most significant part of modern New York. You end up magnificently at the New York Stock Exchange, the dramatic centre of Edwin Lefevre's and a thousand others' stories, and the very pulse of world finance!

(The Stock Exchange, by the way, was unostentatiously organized in 1792 by a group of brokers who met under a buttonwood tree near Broad Street swamp!)

Look now down "The Street," the "Lane of the Ticker," the "big canyons of the money-grubbing tribe"! Look up, if you can, at its narrow band of sky! Here once stretched the stately dePeyster gardens. There ran the stout palisades, built against Indians and New Englanders! Close by was an opening through which the paid herdsman took cattle up to graze—up to City Hall Park!

Down there to your right, toward the East River stood the slave market, supplies for which started in cargo lots in 1655. Let this incredible advertisement of 1730 tell us of them only too realistically!

"A very likely negro girl to be sold. Brought up here in town, speaks very good English, age about ten years, has had the smallpox and measles and begins to handle her needle. Enquire of the Printer hereof."

"To be sold at Benj. D'Harriettes' House, one negro man named Scipio, a Cooper about 22 years

old, and one ditto named Yustee, a house carpenter, a plowman and fit for country work, about 26 years old; and very good pitch to be sold and rozin at 10 S. per hundred by the barrel."

Another bit we might forget is the old whipping post and the cage for criminals which stood right before you, on the very spot where George Washington now gazes calmly and imperturbably on all the vast changes.

Washington's statue stands in front of the beautiful Greek pillars of the Sub-Treasury. Next to the old fort which we have left behind us, this low dignified building is the richest in historical associations. It stands on the site of the Colonial City Hall where our forefathers wrestled with English governors for popular rights, where the importation of stamps was denounced, and where Washington in 1789 took the oath of office. The Assay Building, beside it, is the oldest Federal building in Manhattan. Nearby stood the first Presbyterian church where Jonathan Edwards sometimes preached; and at the corner of

William Street, was Alexander Hamilton's bank.

After the Revolution many fashionable people lived on this street, and it became, in the afternoons, a gay promenade. At the corner of Broad lived Mr. Hamilton, while right around the corner, on Nassau, was Aaron Burr. Here lived General Knox, Sir John Temple, the Bleekers, the Livingstons,—all names that have come to have great significance in the annals of the city. Close to Wall Street, at 29 William, the whole Post Office business of the city was conducted, as late as 1804, in a room twelve by fifteen feet! A relative fact to ponder on is the passage through the New York City Post Office, on December 24, 1922, of 10,000,000 pieces of mail, every one of which had been disposed of when the letter-carriers reported for work on December 25th!

Down, again, to the right, at the corner of Water Street, stood the old Tontine coffee house, celebrated for the interchange of good companionship and ideas. Try, through the

mad scramble of a Wall Street noon hour, to see the shades of those dignified forefathers, strolling, perhaps self-consciously, past the mansions of the city's best, down to the old coffee house for a “real business chat”! But you cannot! Instead you see mobs of well-dressed, keen-looking young bank men, laughing, hurrying stenographers, running toward an ice-cream soda,—thronging past regardless of narrow sidewalks; and here and there, a Gould, a Rockefeller, or a Morgan,—of newspaper fame and fiction.

Determinedly you must put your shoulder to it—and push along with the crowd. You must push on, to your left, to Trinity Church, now benignly watching over the costliest bit of territory in probably the whole world.

The building itself is only a little over three-fourths of a century old, though Trinity Church has stood there since 1697, when the way to it was beautifully lined with tall trees. It was all a part of the famous Annetje Jans Farm, one of the many bouweries we mentioned, west of Broadway. It became in turn,

Duke's Farm, King's Farm, Queen's Farm, and from then till now, 1923, the tenacious descendants of the hearty Dutch lady, are still protesting,—still in fact, bringing law-suits over the property. Little did she realize that for three hundred years or so she would be so well remembered,—she and her valuable estate!

It is more thrilling to wander in the graveyard at Trinity, quiet in the midst of Wall Street and Broadway's roar, than to visit the oldest relics in other lands. For here the whole force of history is thrust upon you instantaneously. You see the very stones of the first hardy settlers on a strange, wild land,—even while a few feet from you there rush past the very men who are now settling the fates of nations. Here formerly barter was fearfully conducted with polished shells,—while here now, in skillful hands are held the reins of all international finance!

There are many graves of particular interest,—from a child of five who died in 1681, to Lady Conbury, cousin of Queen Anne. There

is Hamilton's tomb, and the grave of Matthew L. Davis, Aaron Burr's last friend; of Captain James Lawrence, whose “Don't give up the ship” is known to every school child,—and that of the pathetic Charlotte Temple.

Under the middle aisle of the church lie the bones of the eldest son of Etienne De Lancey. Moving up from his old house in Fraunces' Tavern, this gentleman in 1730, built for himself, near Trinity, the most imposing house in the town, elegantly decorated, encircled by broad balconies, and with an uninterrupted garden extending to the river at the back. A relic of the fine old estate still remains in Thames Street (close by Trinity). It was the old carriage way that led to the De Lancey stables!

As you wander down narrow little Thames Street, look at the old house at number 17, a remnant of old days that escaped the ravages of New York's many fires. Contemporary, probably, with such a little house, the De Lancey mansion was changed to an inn, and the tablet at 113 Broadway, marks it as

Burns' Coffee House, where the famous Non-Importation Agreement was signed in 1766.

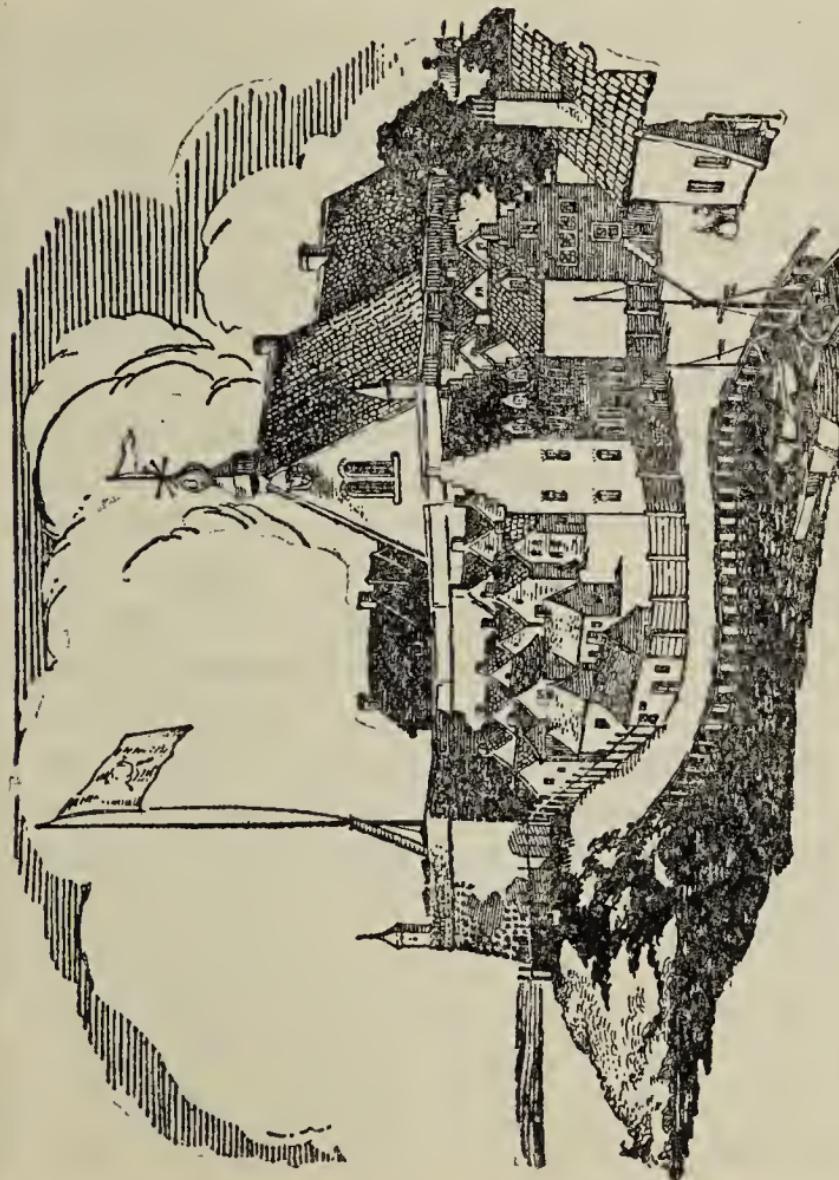
North from Thames on Greenwich Street, stand a few other old houses well worth a long look and a tear for the days when master carpenters were architects and people lived simply. On the south side of old Carlisle Street, a fine house still defies the grime of a poor neighborhood, and on the corner of Albany and Greenwich, stands probably the oldest hotel in New York. Just renovated, it has lost none of its majestic curve, though it blinks down from its many small windows —on elevated trains instead of grassy stretches. At 118 Cedar, "Ye only Entrance" still indicates Old Tom's Choppe House, established in 1790, with its old pewter, steins, and English customs. It savors of the Cheshire Cheese in London.

Now you have gone a little beyond the confines of New Amsterdam, for the regions about Greenwich Street were only bouweries, the Hudson River reached up to this very street. So to complete the circuit of the oldest

town, you must not fail to go back, down old Greenwich or modern Broadway. Or better still, go through the foreign colony of Washington Street, to the famous old Castle Garden, where landed these first four families of Walloons.

If you do go down Washington, you will find, south of Albany Street a quaint little Syrian colony, quiet and peace loving, with stores flaunting lovely oriental laces and embroideries, and tantalizing Turkish candies. In the restaurants you hear only their ancient language, and see few others besides these olive-skinned, straight-nosed, handsome orientals. The menus are in Syrian and you dine on stuffed grape leaves, unleavened bread, and skillfully disguised lamb with okra.

On the last block of Washington Street, before you reach the open park, is a little mixed Mohammedan colony, Arabian and Turk, with a sprinkling of Greeks. Here is the greatest mingling of nationalities in the city. At the corner of Morris Street, of a summer's night, one can imagine oneself in Bagdad!



THE OLD FORT AT THE BATTERY

When you arrive once more in the open of Battery Park, you pass the little low buildings huddled beside enormous steamship buildings,—you see, perhaps in the river, a square rigged old vessel, and out beyond it the proud long lines of a Cunarder. To your right stands the round aquarium. Once it stood on a rocky island, three hundred feet from shore, and was connected with the mainland by a bridge. Built by Congress as the South West Battery, and called then Fort Clinton, it was later leased to the city, and became a public amusement hall, known as Castle Garden. Here was Lafayette's reception in 1824, and here Jenny Lind, under the management of P. T. Barnum, appeared in 1850. It is now as fascinating for its marine inmates as it ever could have been in its days of artistic triumphs.

You have now circled New Amsterdam! You have seen it seized from the Dutch by Britishers and seen it finally emerge as American!—But to see it most distinctly as American you should next visit St. Paul's

Chapel, the oldest church on the island, and the City Hall, one of the finest colonial buildings in America.

St. Paul's, at Broadway and Fulton, modeled after St. Martins-in-the-Fields, in London, has retained all its old charm and flavor. There is the square pew of George Washington, and that of Governor Clinton, besides an interesting old graveyard. The fact that the church faces toward the river, is a comment on what the old inhabitants thought of Broadway in those days!

Behind the chapel, down on Vesey Street, past fascinating second-hand bookshops, and equally fascinating modern nut shops, you soon come to Washington Market. Around it, particularly on Vesey Street, are quaint old houses, unmistakable with their tiny windowpanes and solid looking walls. Not far north, going up to Barclay and Church Streets, is St. Peter's, the oldest Roman Catholic Church in the city. (Immediately beyond it, on Murray, is the first location of Columbia College, known then as King's College. It

was not until two years after its founding, 1806, that a public school was opened!)

Go back now once more to Broadway. Cross it at Ann Street, and enter the region of the old “swamp,” called also “Shoemakers’ Pasture,” for the tanneries which for many years, smelled it up so atrociously. (The present little Theatre Alley which you pass, was once the stage passage to the Park Theatre, where “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was first performed.) In the old days, there was in this neighborhood a hill known as Golden Hill, a beautiful place on the top of which was an inn. Here was shed the first blood of the Revolution, in 1770, when the British soldiers had cut down a liberty pole set up by the Liberty Boys. A pretty lane running over this grain covered hill became Williams Street, and there at No. 126, Washington Irving was born. In Ann Street, he went to school.

(Around the corner, on John Street, stands the interesting old Methodist Episcopal Church, the very beginning of Methodism on the Island!)



ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL IN PRE-REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

Down Fulton Street, toward the river, a relic of old days remains in Ryder's Alley,— and at the very foot of the street, near the ferry, are some buildings undeniably old with their slanting roofs, and enormous chimneys.

Back again on Pearl Street, underneath the elevated trains, are a few fine old houses, now in sorry state. No. 208, with its curved windows is typical. This was the Knickerbockerish town that Washington Irving knew, where Delmonico started as a sandwich man, while the first Vanderbilt was running a ferry. Nearby the Astors showed the beginnings of a commercial career, as we see in this old advertisement from the “*Daily Advertiser*,” January 3, 1789.

“John Jacob Astor, at Number 81 Queen Street (Pearl), next door but one to the Friends' Meeting House, has for sale an assortment of Pianofortes of the newest construction, made by the best makers in London, which he will sell on reasonable terms. He gives cash for all kinds of furs and has for sale a lot of Canada Beaver and beaver coating, Racoonskins, &c.”

Farther up Pearl Street, is Frankfort, now

Newspaper Alley, and site of the old home of Jacob Leisler, who was executed for treason in 1691 on his own farm!—(A few steps away up on Rose Street, at the corner of Duane is the Rhinelander building, with one of the little windows of the old British prison incorporated in its walls. Three lovely old houses, dirty and unrespected, line the way.)

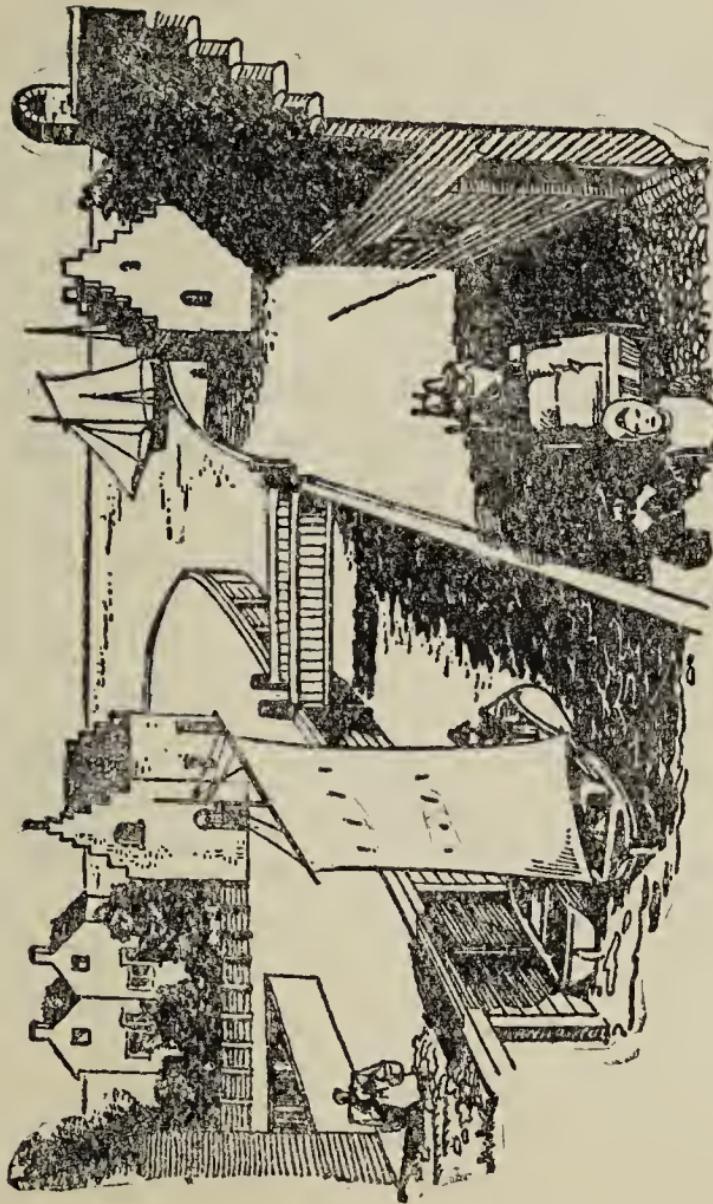
Up the hill of Frankfort Street, and once more in the open spaces of a little park, you find yourself, at last, in front of City Hall. With its creamy marble and its low dignified lines, it is a worthy contemporary of the beautiful State House in Boston. But unlike that much blessed building, the City Hall is hemmed in now by the immense structures of "Newspaper Row," by the soaring heights of the Municipal and the Woolworth Towers, and is confronted with the undignified curves of the old Post office building. There is a tale that its north end, of stone instead of marble, was thus unfinished because the New Yorkers of that day believed there would never be any traffic on the uptown side! At

any rate, there is something deliberate and inevitable in the way it faces squarely south, that makes “uptown folk” feel a bit like intruders.

The park now so pathetically tiny, was once a Potter’s Field. Before that it was “The Commons” far out of the city, where criminals were executed. And even earlier, as we have seen, it was just a clearing in the wilderness, for cattle pasturing.

After visiting the fine old historic building, straight from the musty smell of its old oak, and the suggestive glamor of the past in its big portrait room,—go across the park to that enormous Gothic tower rising on and on above the other skyscrapers. It seems to pierce the very blue of the sky. Go to that wonder of all New York feats, the Woolworth Building; go up to its very top, up 51 stories,—792 feet! Hear about its construction, learn about its tenants and its acres of office space! But best of all, look down from it upon all of New York!

There, to the west, you see the Jersey shore

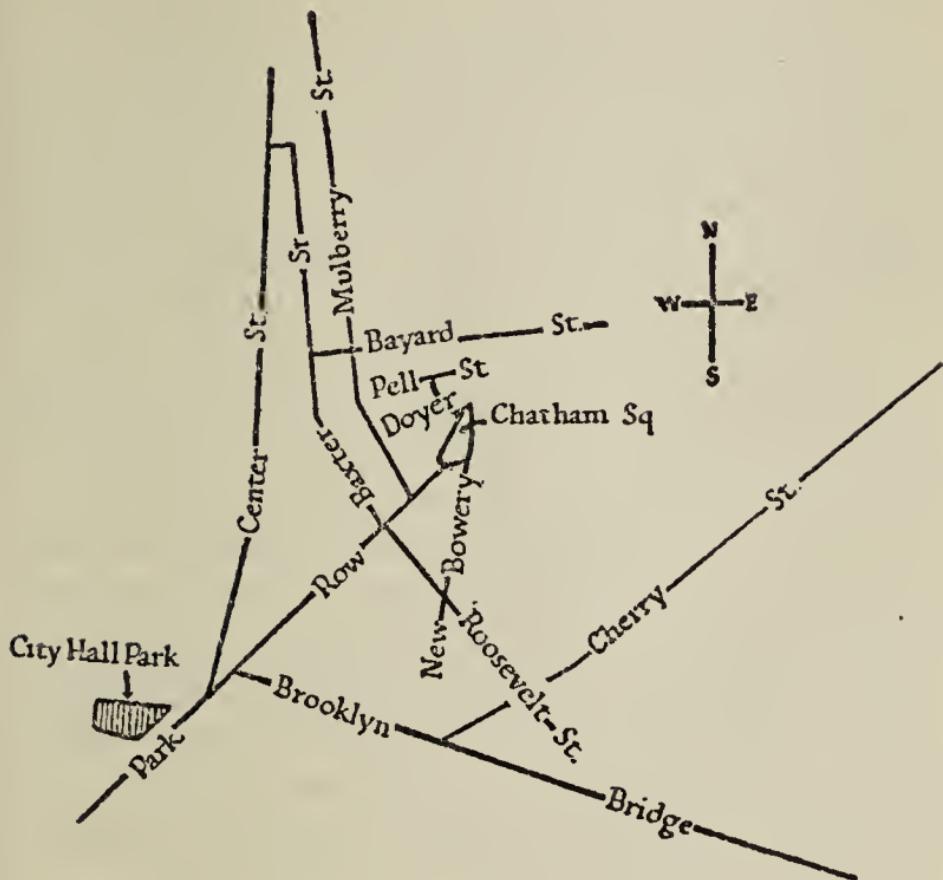


THE OLD DUTCH CANAL ON BROAD STREET

line; east and south is the little old town you have been visiting, once again grown small; and beyond it, the shore of Long Island and Brooklyn. To the northwest rests the little town of Greenwich which we shall soon visit, and to the northeast, that vast area of New York's east side, seat of melodramatic fiction, background of police records for a hundred years, and now the home of all the nationalities in the world!

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CHERRY TREES AND CRIME

(Subway to Brooklyn Bridge—City Hall Park. NE on Park Row to Roosevelt. SE past Batavia to Cherry. S on Cherry to Brooklyn Bridge. Return to Park Row; E to Mulberry. N to Bayard. E to Baxter; E to Center. Again over Park Row to Chatham Square. Off the square E to New Bowery; and off again into Pell or Doyer.)

The pathway to an unsavory but interesting part of the city lies through Park Row (the old Chatham Street, named from the Earl), and ends in Chatham Square. Both sides of the old road have their notorious history, and though perfectly safe now, as is any part of New York, they furnish the background for both the greatest and the pettiest criminals on record, and vie with La Cité near Notre Dame in Paris, and Whitechapel, London, in melodramatic fiction.

It was through this road, which led eventually to Governor Peter Stuyvesant's bouwerie, that Indians used to descend on their bloody raids, and destroy many humble farm homes.

Along here the negroes who worked out their freedom,—like Manuel de Groot,—were required to settle. Many a former slave hopefully planted his home here, determined to enjoy his hard earned freedom, only to fall prey to the marauding redskins! Many of the buildings on both sides of this street show their age, and many show hard usage; cheap lodging houses hold the unfortunate "down-and-outers," and squalid tenements on the side streets still represent some of the dirtiest and most congested blocks of the city.

But if there are any little criminals wandering through Park Row now, they are a sorry remnant of the robber bands that once infested the place. For, forty or fifty years ago, New York was a dangerous place. The boldest and hardest criminals of the land walked the streets openly, and gathered in their established headquarters in the very sight of the police, practically free from interference,—unless they committed atrocious murder, or were caught in the act of burglary. Highway robberies were committed in day-

light in the middle of Broadway; it was not safe to walk through the Bowery, while to go into the Fourth Ward wearing good clothes was to court death!

Let us now, however, in these days of adequate police protection, hunt out these old “Chimmie Fadden” haunts, and take a peek at some of the notorious alleys and dives.

Cherry Hill, the “Bloody Fourth” ward, where “crime was the dominant quality, and vice its servitor,” where the life of a faithful and honest policeman was in constant jeopardy,—is approached through any of the streets to the southeast of Park Row. At No. 166, you enter it by the peaceful and health-giving old “tea-water pump,” which once stood in a woodsy glade. Its water was of such a quality that it was sought for tea, as its name would indicate.—If you enter Cherry Hill through Roosevelt Street, “Old Wreck Brook,”—where Adrian Block is believed to have met with his calamity,—you pass over Wolfert’s meadows; and if at Pearl Street, you cross the “Kissing Bridge”

where the townsfolk parted with their friends going on to the precarious country regions. Cherry Hill is so named because it was once fragrant with De Lancey's cherry orchard, and boasted the best fruit on the island. It had a beautiful unbroken view of the Sound.

You enter it now and observe a decrepit civilization, built on the ruins of a departed aristocracy. Here lived the "Daybreak Boys," of whose number, in one year, twelve were shot! Here too were the Border Gang, the Short-Tails, and the Hook Gang. Slaughterhouse Point, a saloon at James and Water Streets, was finally closed down, after ten murders were committed in the one spot! On Water Street in the regions under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, every corner had its bagnio. It was here that a man, well-dressed, was once walking innocently along, only to find himself suddenly covered with a bucket of ashes. A gang of thugs instantly fell upon him, tumbled him into a cellar, stripped him of his clothing, and threw him back on the sidewalk naked!

Along here was Mother McBride's dance house and Kit Burns' “Rat Pit,” while on James Street, between Cherry and Batavia, stood the famous “Flag of our Union” where Scotchy Lavelle was “bouncer.”

Right there, on Batavia Street, a quaint little passageway, is what Rupert Hughes calls “the most Dickensy part of New York.” The tenements are not very high, and are built of wood with little steps set sideways. On Roosevelt Street, nearby, are some old houses still quite picturesque and charming,—numbers 88 and 98. It is now a Greek center, and it is said that Venizuelos was defeated here—in the Hellenic coffee-houses.

But most famous of all, is Cherry Street itself, sailors' haunt, and neighborhood of the famous street songs of fifty years ago. At 110 was Tommy Hadden's, the den of a noted “shanghai-er” of sailors; at Dan Kerrigan's next door, was fought the longest prize fight on record, while at 61, Mrs. McTighe's, the house was arranged with bunks! What matter it if at one time

George Washington lived at number 1, and John Hancock at Number 5! What if Samuel Reid, designer of the American flag, did live at number 17, where there still stands a lovely old house—desecrated! Next to it now, at 19, is Blindman's Alley, and at 36 and 38, Gotham Court, once the rendezvous of the "Swamp Angels" who used to hide their plunder in the great sewer below; while most famous of all, at 34, against Mullin's Court, ran Paradise Alley!

"There's a little side street such as often you meet,
Where the boys of a Sunday night rally,
Tho' it's not very wide, and it's dismal beside,
Yet they call the place Paradise Alley.

But a maiden so sweet lives in that little street,
She's the daughter of Widow McNally;
She has bright golden hair, and the boys all declare
She's the sunshine of Paradise Alley."

And again:

"East Side, West Side, all around the town,
The tots sang 'Ring-a-rosie,' 'London Bridge is falling down';
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie Rourke
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of
New York."

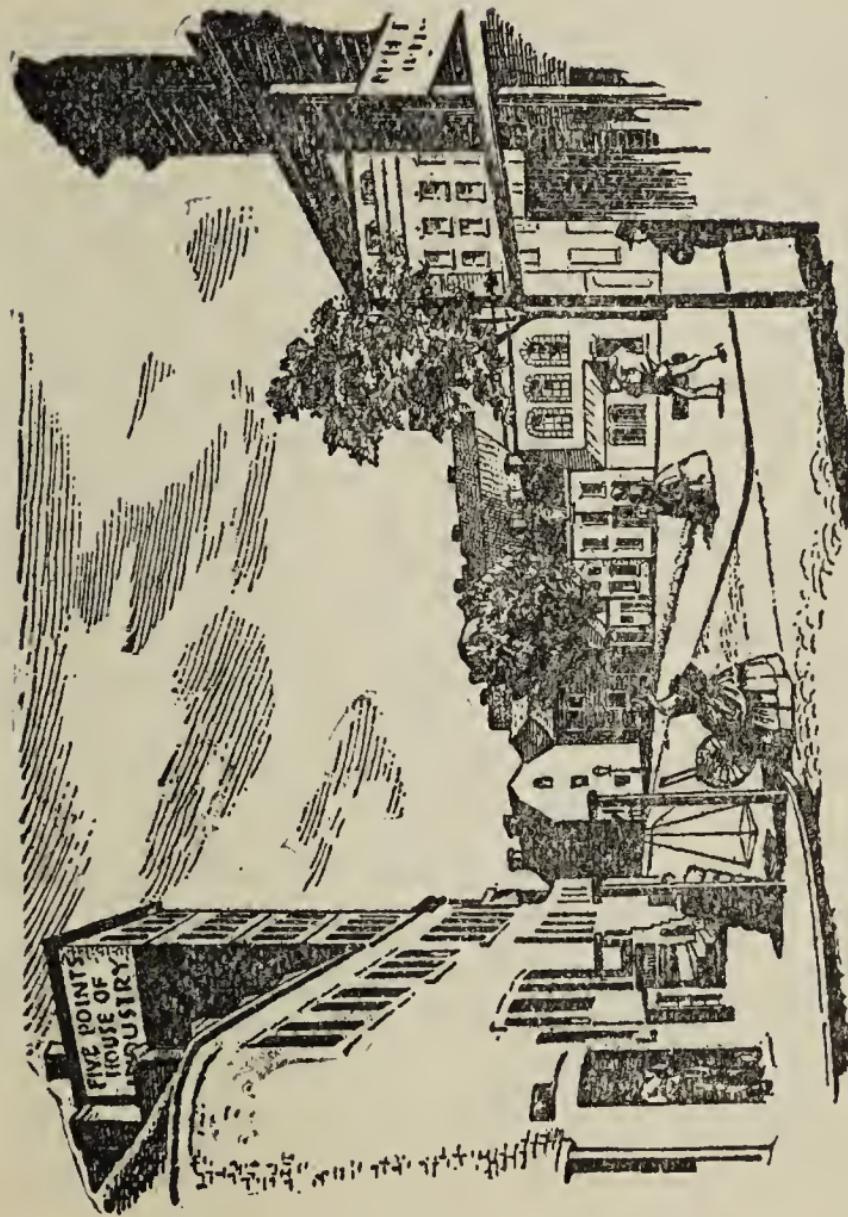
"THE SIDEWALKS

To the Northwest of Park Row, up Baxter or Mulberry, we enter the notorious region of Mulberry Bend, "Five Points," the 6th Ward. By any of these names, its ruddy politics are immediately recognized. Literally, Five Points is the junction of Worth, Park, and Baxter Street,—a nice neat, wholesome little park;—but historically, it was the filthiest slum spot in all New York. It "ran with blood"; it was "steeped in vice," and no spot has been cursed with more murders. Way back in 1714, negroes were burned at the stake there; and in 1833, the New York Mirror published such a statement as this about it:

"The decent inhabitants in the vicinity of the Five Points ought to give 'nine cheers' at the breaking up of that loathesome den of murderers, thieves, abandoned women, ruined children, filth, misery, drunkenness, and broils. Our country subscribers are, perhaps, not all aware that our goodly City has already commenced rivaling London in its haunts of beggary and crime. It is curious, too, that in our metropolis this scene should be situated almost in the center of the town, and within a minute's walk of the most elegant and fashionable section The whole place is now to be

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A VIEW OF THE FIVE POINTS FIFTY YEARS AGO

cleared, the wretched rookeries torn down, the miscellaneous inhabitants turned out, and the lots thrown open for the erection of proper buildings.”

So much for cleaning it up! Thirty years after that, the story goes of a man walking down in that very section, who was startled by a great commotion. A fierce street fight was apparently raging between large factions. He saw a squad of one hundred policemen march bravely into the fray; heard fiercer shouts and terrific excitement. Then—in only a few minutes' time—he saw the same squad return, shot out from the mob, hatless, coatless, and bloody! It was only the Bowery Boys showing the Five-Pointers their place, but all for the moment joining forces to throw the police out of Mulberry Street!

Set low in a hollow, the whole section was a refuge for the outcasts of the city and of half a dozen foreign countries. The houses were three deep in places, with scarcely the suggestion of a courtyard between them. Narrow alleys, hardly wide enough to permit the passage of a man, led between houses to beer

cellars, stables, and tumbledown tenements. There were byways leading beneath houses, over low sheds, through holes in the wall. There was "Bottle Alley," "Bandits' Roost," and "Rag-Pickers' Row"!

Only a few old-timers are left now of the "Dead Rabbits," and the "Whyo Gang." But Mulberry Street remains—with its neighbor Elizabeth Street, the center of all that is lowest mentally, and therefore, most criminal, in Italian New York. It is now the headquarters of the illicit drug trade, and the stiletto is never hard to find. Of 30,000 inhabitants of the neighborhood, only 10,688 (about 35%) are gainfully employed; 41% of the population, aged 21 and over, is illiterate, while the death rate of every age is far above the average for the city at large.

Up Mulberry, following the path of a little creek, we arrive at Police Headquarters, New York's "Scotland Yard"; and on Center Street, not far away, the Criminal Court and the Tombs prison. The Tombs, so-called for the Egyptian architecture of the prison building

that preceded it, will always be hideous to memory because of the executions that occurred in its narrow courtyard. The first hanging was in 1839, when Edward Coleman was executed for murdering his wife, “the pretty pop-corn girl”; and from then on, a dreary list, until electrocution at the State’s prison in Sing-Sing was substituted for hanging at the Tombs. The “Bridge of Sighs,” running from it to the Criminal Court Building, is used by the inmates of the prison when going to the courtrooms for pleading, and for trial. There is a superstitious dread attached to it, and many persons will walk blocks to avoid passing under it.

Once the beautiful Collect Pond lay here, famous for its fishing and also for the fact that King George the Fourth, when a middy, was almost drowned in it while skating. It was likewise in this pond that John Fitch, in 1789, made the first successful voyage with a model steamboat. When it was filled in, a canal was built connecting the East and

Hudson Rivers, which eventually became our present Canal Street.

Center Street, once called Collect, was also, like the neighborhoods we have just passed through, a thoroughfare of vice; and was lined like the others with brothels and dance-houses. About here and close to Police Headquarters, flocked the crooks of the city. But here was not the degenerate viciousness of Five-Points, nor the whiskey-laden crime of the sailor resorts on Cherry Hill,—here was the aristocracy of crooks! "The nearer the church, the closer to God," was the philosophy. And in those days, the gamblers, bullies, and expert burglars,—'Yankee' Sullivan, Bill Poole, Len Baker,—had their brawls in public.

Among the famous burglars who hung out here were Abe Oakley, who robbed the Dexter Savings Bank and killed its faithful cashier; Canada Mack and Sharkey, of Ocean Bank fame; Dan Noble, who robbed the Royal Insurance Co.; Jim Brady, Red Leary, Johnny Dobbs, and Shang Draper, who cleaned out the Manhattan Bank! There was even "Big

Pete,” who, unable to open a five-hundred pound safe, just picked it up and carried it down on his back.

Notorious English criminals, finding more possibilities in New York than Whitechapel offered, flocked over and selected the “House of Lords,” Houston and Crosby Street, as their hang-out. There is a story about one of these,—perhaps Chelsea George, or Cockney Ward,—who came in one night with his hat pressed tight on his head. He had “struck luck,” and treated all, every man of them, to a bottle of champagne. In response to their toast, he stood up, took off his hat, and laying it on the table, displayed it to the crowd—full of diamonds and jewelry! Bales of counterfeit money would often arrive at such a rendezvous and be dealt out with careless liberality to all friends.

The resort-keepers, if they were allowed to live, were successful. “Tom” Bray, whose place at 22 Thompson Street was a crook’s hangout for forty years, died, leaving \$350,-000. Peter Mitchell, at the corner of Wooster

and Prince Streets, who accommodated high-class thieves, made \$300,000 in two years,—but ended his career by hanging himself to a whiskey tap.

It was the "gentlemen" of this region who made up Mother Mandelbaum's "salon." Though she lived far over on the East Side, Mother Mandelbaum's story belongs distinctly here—close to Police Headquarters. A female "Fagin," and the actual prototype of "Frochard" in the famous play, "Two Orphans," she lived in a little frame house at the northwest corner of Rivington and Clinton Streets for many years,—until she was driven out of the city in 1884. "Queen of Crooks," she was receiver of stolen goods and friend of all the criminal class. Her gang, at the height of its power, committed eighty percent of the bank robberies in the United States! In vain, for years, the police tried to outwit her cleverness, but she employed famous criminal lawyers on yearly fees to look out for her,—and they did it, thoroughly.

Her little "notion" business at 79 Clinton

Street was a cover for these gigantic thieving operations, but the poor people of the neighborhood, quite unsuspecting, used to trade there, just to "help her out"! Her real business was done in a little frame wing of the main building, about twenty-five feet long. It was fitted up sumptuously and was the scene of many elaborate entertainments. There crooks would meet socially and hilariously, free from any police danger; and it was there that Kate Leary, beautiful decoy, had her wedding breakfast. Hearing of her marriage, Billy Train, one of the habitues, ran out, knocked a man down, took his pocket-book, and treated the guests to champagne and chicken. It was the same Kate, ambitious and fairly cultured in her day, who died, not so long ago, a poor old hag, in a hovel in Coney Island!

Back again to that main artery, Park Row, we go on, as did the Dutch farmer, who went from town out to his distant bouwerie. We reach the same open space which he did, our Chatham Square, but once his clearing, fenced

in for cattle. It is the place where he turned into the main Bouwerie Road,—where we see the well-known saloon corners of the Bowery.

"The Bowery, The Bowery,
They do such things and they say such
things,
On The Bowery, The Bowery,
I'll never go there any more!"

Here was the original Steve Brody's saloon at No. 114 and Callahan's at No. 12. Nearby was the old Bull's Tavern which Washington occupied with his troops on Evacuation Day, and where now stands the Jewish Thalia Theatre. It was the first theatre in New York lighted by gas, and the same that Charlotte Cushman played in to fashionable audiences. It was once world-famous as the Bowery Theatre, and the New York "Grand Guignol," home of weird and bloody melodrama.

Very close to the square is the Mariners' Temple at Oliver and Henry Streets, and the Church of Sea and Land, on Cherry between

Clinton and Jefferson, while on New Bowery and Oliver Streets, is the oldest Jews' burying ground. It was granted in 1656 and established so far from the city that it seemed impossible that the latter would ever reach it!

But quaintest of all, in through an opening of Chatham Square, inclosed by Mott Street, Pell, and the Bowery, is Chinatown. Once a brewery covered this triangle, and a part of its walls are now incorporated in the Brewery Flats. It is as complete an oriental city as Murray Hill is American New York. Through little twisting streets patter slanting-eyed Mongolians; hanging shields and banners bear Chinese characters; and the very silence of it, after the bustle of Chatham Square and the Bowery, is foreign. It has its own life, its own newspaper, it is the mecca of laundrymen for fifty miles around. Strange nuts, pretty dishes, oriental toys abound in the tiny dark shops and in the two or three large and flourishing ones. Its food is exotic but thoroughly clean, and its inmates honest.

But it was not always so, for the days of

opium joints, lottery dens, "fallen women" are not far back. And on the north side of Pell Street, Charlotte Temple died, sorrowful heroine of that "Tale of Truth," the moral lessons of which our parents were brought up on.

A few of the oriental religious customs prevail in spite of hard occidental New York. The greatest day of all the Chinese year, is the funeral in the third moon of their year, when they all go out to the Brooklyn cemetery to visit their dead. It is chiefly for these dead that they are saving money, that they may end them back to the graves of their ancestors. The mourning guise that they wear is blue and white ribbons on the shoes, and a strip of blue on the sleeve, worn for three years.

The Chinese New Year is celebrated for a week. Socially, like ourselves, they pay visits, smoke friendly-wise from long tin pipes, and drink rice wine. Another "heathen" custom of the same holiday is to pay all debts, for it is a public disgrace for a Chinaman to owe money,—carrying over from one year to the next!

"THE SIDEWALKS



FOREIGN CITIES IN NEW YORK

(Subway to Grand Street. Car E on Grand to juncture with East Broadway. Walk back, W to Allen, S to Hester, then N to Delancey. W to Bowery. N on Bowery to Prince. W on Prince to Mott. N on Mott to Houston. W on Houston.)

The vast east side is scarcely New York. It is Europe,—with a touch of Asia. It is several old-world cities, distinct in all their social and religious characteristics, greater in some cases than their prototypes,—confined here in the narrow physical boundaries of the one overpoweringly great spiritual City. In New York there are 946,139 of the Hebrew race,—more than half that number actually born in foreign countries, and the rest, of foreign-born parents. That is not only a greater number than is contained in the world-famous Warsaw Ghetto,—it is more than there are people of *all* races, in Warsaw! There are more Italians,—803,129,—than in Rome, or Palermo, Florence, or even Naples. There are more Germans than there are in

Munich; and more Irish than in Dublin, Cork, Londonderry, and Limerick put together!

In London and Paris, while there are enormous foreign populations, the whole impression of the cities is undeniably either English or French. But in New York it is different. There are whole districts of the city where hardly a sign is in English. There are several theatres where never a word of English is spoken, and sixty-nine newspapers printed wholly in a foreign language! There is scarcely a policeman who does not contribute a hearty Irish brogue to the city's cosmopolitanism, and rarely can the Sicilian street-cleaner understand you.

This is, of course, the result of the enormous immigration which started in 1847. Due to the Irish potato famine of that year, the revolutionary movement of 1849, in Germany, and the discovery of gold here, America became the haven for all the world. Between the years 1850 and 1859, 1,073,065 persons came from Ireland alone! And from then on, until the war and the restrictions on immigration, it

continued in ever-increasing and almost unbelievable numbers. Of these hordes of immigrants, tremendous numbers got no farther than New York.

The foreign races, as a rule, gather in clusters, usually the immigrants from one town making up its corresponding one or two blocks in the New York slums. Elizabeth Street, for instance, is Sciacca, a replanted Sicilian town. The enormous Jewish colony has made up as many centers as has the Italian,—in Manhattan, Bronx, and Brooklyn. The Spanish are centered about West 14th Street, with their business houses in Cedar and Maiden Lane; the French, from the aristocrat quarters of South Fifth Avenue, have drifted into the West 20's, mingling with Irish and Italian, and can only be detected by their numberless table d'hote cafes. The Austrians gather on lower Second Avenue, while East Houston is known as Little Hungary or Goulash Row. Here, too, herd the gentile Poles. The Czechs make up a big colony between 75th and 99th Streets,

"THE SIDEWALKS

between Fifth and Third Avenues. The Syrians on lower Washington Street, and the Greeks on Roosevelt, farther east on Madison, and in Clinton Street,—we have spoken of,—though in every rug store of Greater New York we see the former, and in nearly every florist's and small candy shop, the latter.

The Christian Russians, between 72nd and 77th Streets on Avenue A, are enough to support the beautiful Church of St. Nicholas on Madison Avenue and 97th Street. Its music is famed country-wide, and its orthodox Greek Catholic ceremonies are very impressive. There is a Swedish settlement in the lower Bronx around East 138th; and big German colonies are scattered through Harlem and the Bronx, as well as along Hamburg Avenue, Brooklyn, though, on the whole, they, like the English, have become amalgamated in the native born American stock. The Irish-American holds the solid west side from 23rd Street to 59th, just at the north of which it mingles with the negro, in probably the worst section of the city, San Juan Hill. The

largest negro population is in the Lenox district, 135th to 145th Streets approximately, near Seventh Avenue.

I. THE GHETTO

But it was on the East side we started to investigate, that enormous area east of the Bowery, and south of 10th Street, which, with the exceptions we have mentioned—Hungarians and Austrians and Poles—is almost exclusively Jewish. There are four distinct Ghettos: that between 100th and 116th, east of Central Park; the Brownsville one in Brooklyn, and that of Williamsburg. But the one we are approaching, bounded by Hester, Division and Grand Streets, is the "ghetto" proper. It is the world of Myra Kelley's children, of Montague Glass' beginnings of "Potash and Perlmutter," the poverty-stricken sweat-shop ghetto of Morris Rosenfeld, the "Tailor Poet." Here are bankers with fine homes on East Broadway, department stores (which in a decade will probably be on Fifth Avenue), millinery "maisons" which

many an uptown purchaser seeks, public schools which have to close on Jewish holidays for complete absence of students,—and, everywhere, Yiddish signs, Yiddish newspapers, Yiddish beards and wigs. Here is the Adler Theatre where only Yiddish is spoken, where Sholom Asche's plays, well-known throughout Europe, are first produced in this country, and where the English-speaking stage has gone to get such actors as Ben-Ami, and Joseph and Rudolph Schildkraut.

At the eastern end of this same Grand Street, the Ghetto “Main Street,” is the little Neighborhood Playhouse. It was constructed by two philanthropic young persons to stimulate the artistic endeavors of this particular slum district, and has ended in becoming one of the most popular theatres in New York. Here several of George Bernard Shaw's plays have been produced; here Tony Sarg introduced his Marionettes to a charmed New York; here one may see Dunsany, Quintero, Galsworthy, all most feelingly and beautifully produced.

Parallel to Grand Street, to the South, runs Hester Street, alive with pushcarts where everything is sold on the sidewalks from pins to fur coats. It is a striking scene of oriental bazaars, delightfully foreign, sometimes very humorous and often pathetic. While at right angles to Grand, midway between the Playhouse and the Bowery, runs Allen Street,—“a very tunnel of a street.” It is the home of the little brass shops, and in its basement and dingy stores—again underneath the elevated trains—one can find charming Russian candlesticks, samovars, and andirons.

On Friday night, the beginning of the Jewish sabbath, the “Ghetto” assumes dignity. Old bearded men don their high hats and frock coats, and go to synagogue, where the service, with its solemn Hebrew hymns, and its congregation, hatted and standing, is most impressive. In the homes on that night the families gather,—married sons and daughters included. It is one of the many bonds of family sentiment which constitute the very foundation of the race’s long history.

Of the Jewish holidays, everyone in New York is conscious. Along in the early fall the uptown New Yorker suddenly finds, one day, that the delicatessen shop at which he always trades, is closed. He tries the next Closed! He goes on. Every delicatessen store in the city (with a few exceptions) is suddenly closed! He goes to the local notion shop, the lingerie shop, the children's shop, the ladies' garments shop, the haberdashery. All are closed. And at last he learns that it is the Jewish “Yom Kippur,” day of atonement, and that all his tradespeople are fasting. A week later, when the same thing occurs, he discovers that he is intruding on the Jewish New Year,—“Rosh Hashonah.” They have become days to reckon with in the New York calendar!

The first Jew we know about in the city was Asser Leevey, listed in 1673 as one of the principal citizens, and worth then a thousand guilders. His fellows comprised the names we see on the old graves in that little Bowery cemetery, and which reappear in the

d Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Sheath Israel, 99 Central Park West—such names as Costa, Meza, Lucas, Hendricks. With the toleration which always characterized Dutch New York, and which has continued as one of its most valuable heritages, no interference was made with the Jewish house-to-house religious meetings, and in 1729 the first synagogue was opened on Mill Street,—the one mentioned above,—and which still has two of the mill stones from that old street.

II. LITTLE ITALY

Balancing the Russian Jewish district, on the west of the Bowery, and south of 10th Street, is one of the biggest of the Italian colonies. As we cross the Bowery we fling ourselves into the midst of it.

At Mott and Prince Streets, on the way, we pass St. Patrick's church, the original cathedral, built in 1809, and containing catacombs where lie about 500 bodies! Among others, here are Francis Delmonico, Valentine Sherry, being the oldest tomb of all, and Stephen

"THE SIDEWALKS

Jumel. It was originally surrounded by meadows and great primitive trees, and, even in 1820, a fox was killed in the graveyard.

There is a colorfulness, a gaiety and light-heartedness about Little Italy which is sadly missing in the Ghetto. On West Houston and Mulberry Streets there are as many pushcarts as on Hester,—but here they run to fruit instead of clothes, and many an uptowner strives to get to Houston Street for his choicest tomatoes!

For the visitor there is always some display in Little Italy. It may be, indeed, a funeral, but even that will give him pause. He will hear trumpets, then the wailing notes of a dirge, and around the corner will march slowly the long procession. Black clad mourners walk beside a white hearse; the horses are decked with elaborate covers, and at least a six-piece band accompanies even the poorest Italian baby! Scarcely an Italian family in this section, that is not paying the hangover from the funeral of one of its many children!

Or perhaps it is a wedding! And we see the very, very young bride in white satin and veil, accompanied by her groom, always regardless of the time of day, in a dress-suit,—going to the elaborate and costly wedding breakfast. A hall is hired, wine is plentiful, and the Neapolitan "tarantella" mingles with the jazz of east side dance halls.

The holy days of the Italian church calendar are innumerable, and nary a saint is forgotten. Joyfully buildings are decorated, everyone is dressed up, the effigy of the saint is paraded through the streets, and at night elaborate fireworks are staged. It is a charming, pleasure-loving, sociable southern Italy, cramped and warped in the unfragrant and ugly tenements of New York. One sighs as one remembers the beauty of the Sicilian mountains near which these people were born,—and of Vesuvius' thin curl of smoke, which they once watched rise into the blue of a Naples sky!

The Italian girls in this part of the city are often very beautiful, and are cared for

"THE SIDEWALKS

with all the rigidity of European convention. They are kept at home nights, rarely allowed out without chaperones, and turned over at a very early age to some unknown young man, who often knows life well enough to make up for both.

But much as we scorn the extreme conventions of the old world, the carefulness in which these girls are guarded is strikingly exemplified in the figures of Bedford Women's Prison, some years ago. The number of immigrant women committed there always agreed in proportion with the number of that particular nationality in the city. The greatest number of immigrants at that time being Russian, the greatest number of criminals interred was likewise Russian. This proportion worked out in all but one case, that of the Italian, where, though they stood second in number in the city, their girls were *seventh* in the list at Bedford.

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BOWERY VILLAGE AND STUYVESANT SQUARE

(3rd Ave. “L” or East Side Subway to Astor Pl. E to 10th St., and St. Mark’s Pl. N on 2nd Ave. to Stuyvesant Square. S again to Stuyvesant St. W. to Astor Pl. W. on 8th St. to Broadway. N. to 10th St. N to University Pl. N. to 13th St.)

“Here and there, in the whirl of the great city,” F. Hopkinson Smith tells us, in *Felix O’Day*, “a restful breathing spot is found, its stretch of grass dotted with moss-covered tombs grouped around a low pitched church. At certain hours the sound of bells is heard and the rhythm of the organ throbbing through the aisles. Then lines of quietly dressed worshippers stroll along the bordered walks, the children’s hands clasped in their mothers’, the arched vestibuled door closing upon them . . . And outside, the same old demon of hurry, defied and hurled back by a lifted hand armed with a cross.” We have seen such spots at St. Paul’s and at Trinity. Here, at St. Mark’s-on-the-Bowery we see probably

the most restful of all. It is the second oldest church on Manhattan, and is in the very heart of Bowery Village, which grew up around Peter Stuyvesant's farm, as a protection against Indians. It is the little village on the road to which we made so many, many stops. We passed the "kissing bridge," saying good-bye to friends in New Amsterdam; we passed the scattered huts of a few freed negroes,—outposts against raiders; we turned due north at the swamp of Chatham Square; and passed the first milestone (at Rivington Street and the Bowery).

In the church is the tomb of Peter Stuyvesant and that of Governor Sloughter, as well as many other old historic names; while in the neighborhood are many fine old houses, as Nicholas Stuyvesant's at 21 Stuyvesant Street, where Hamilton Fish was born; the lovely balconied ones at 175 Second Avenue which was a Stuyvesant residence; and the former home of President Buchanan at 180 Second Avenue.

Up a little farther, Second Avenue and 16th

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Street, is the remains of the Stuyvesant estate, once a private park; and now the charming and dignified Stuyvesant Square, its splendor still undimmed, though its walks are filled with twentieth century New York foreigners. On the west side are the fine buildings of St. George's Church, and the quaint Friends' Meeting House and School, and two lovely little streets, Rutherford Place and East 16th Street. On both north and south rise fine post-colonial mansions, several still in all the grace of their rightful owners, many perhaps housing lodgers, but all charming and dignified with their red brick, enormous long windows, and magnificent doorways. On the north side lives Charles Murphy, the Tammany boss.

One half a block off on any of the Park's four sides is dirt and squalor,—but here,—perhaps by its very unexpectedness,—it shines green and gold in the sunshine, one of the loveliest bits in all New York.

Back again at 10th Street, and over west toward Broadway, is Astor Place. There,

near Wanamaker's palatial stores, stands the old Mercantile Library building still very much in use, and Cooper Union, a centre of culture for those who cannot afford the luxury of Columbia, nor even City College. It was here that the old opera house stood, that saw the first of the Forrest-Macready riots. It is dramatic, in these commercial days, to recall the fervor with which the friends of these two famous actors,—the American Edwin Forrest and the English William Charles Macready,—went into the fight. It started over the Forrest faction preventing the Macbeth performance of Macready. It nearly ended in an international quarrel. A great mob blocked Astor Place, an assault upon the theatre was attempted, the 7th regiment cavalry cleared 8th Street, and the Riot Act was read. Thirty-four persons were killed when the mob was finally fired upon!

Off Astor Place, to the south, runs Lafayette Street, remnants of its former glory unmistakable in the fine pillared houses of LeGrange Terrace,—428-434, which were built nearly

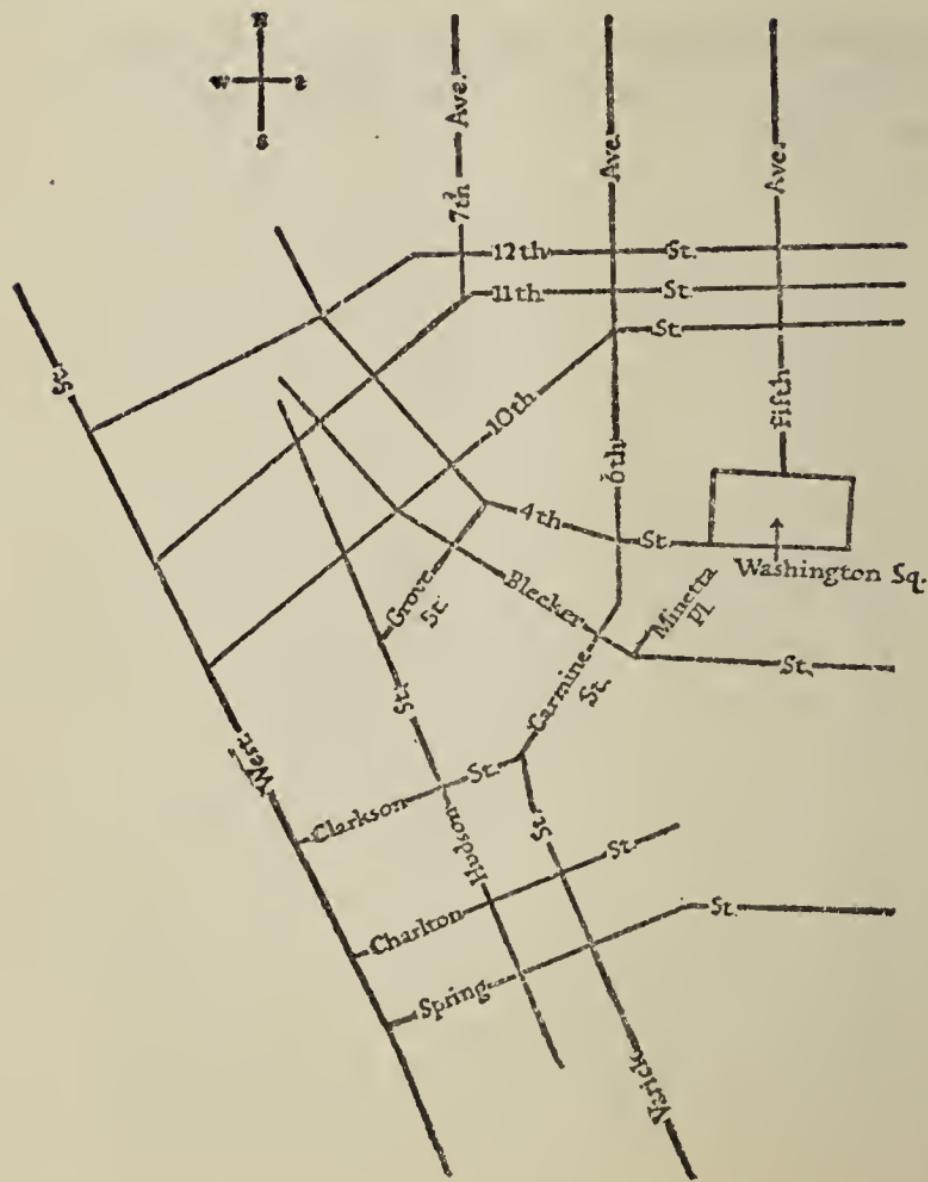
one hundred years ago. Can you not see the beauty of this broad street as it must have been then, with its long row of these fine colonnaded houses? While, on the opposite side, where the Astor Library is now, was Mme. Canda's famous private school for young ladies? In this block lived John Jacob Astor, and from one of them President Tyler was married to Julia Gardiner.

To the west, at 11th Street and Broadway, stands Grace Church, right in the middle of the Street, as it were. The sudden bend in Broadway is due to its old connection with Bloomingdale Road, going north at this point to the village of Harlem. It was near here that the hungry “bread line” used to form at midnight, awaiting Fleischmann's nightly donations.

At 109 University Place is the New York Society Library, the oldest public library in America. It was established in 1700 and chartered by George III in 1772 under its present name. In it are many rare prints, complete files of local newspapers, and an

altogether complete and satisfying collection of research material for those interested in old New York.

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GREENWICH VILLAGE AND WASHINGTON SQUARE

(7th Ave. Subway to Spring St. N on Varick to Charlton. W on Charlton to Hudson. N to Clarkson. E on Clarkson to Carmine. E to Minetta Place. Back to Bleecker. NW on Bleecker to Grove. W on Grove to Hudson. N to W 10th St. W on 10th St. to West St., passing Weehawken. N on West to 12th. E on 11th to Fifth Ave. S to 10th. W to 6th Ave. S to 4th St. E to Washington Sq.)

The crooked little streets still twisting aimlessly west and south of Washington Square rival in the visitor's interest those other narrow thoroughfares of old New Amsterdam. In fact, to most American visitors, Greenwich Village is probably the section of the city most anticipated. It has come to connote Bohemia, New York's Latin Quarter, with cellars full of wild eating places; attics full of artists; Batik shops and radical book stores; long haired men, and determined-eyed women. For others it carries the aristocratic flavor of Henry James' "Washington Square," —the Square of Edith Wharton's Dagonets in "Custom of the Country." And again it

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savors of the untiring zeal and inspiration of those earlier artists who made MacDougall Alley famous. It has come in fact, to typify New York's artistic endeavor, in its most ideal setting.

And Greenwich Village *is* all of these things. It is a delight to stroll through, with its quaint streets and its old churches. Here, unlike way downtown, one need not draw on the imagination, to conjure up pictures of the past. Here, in charming doorways sometimes dilapidated but oftener restored to their full past grandeur, in low two-storied houses, in lovely iron grill work, in gambril roofs,—here in the old town where the "City Plan" was forever defied,— here it is only too easy to see the New York of the first half of the nineteenth century.

For then it was that Greenwich Village was the fashionable and cultured part of the city. We have seen Broad Street a canal lined with the best the Dutch had built; we have seen Hanover Square the center of English colonial New York; we have seen in the

Bowery and Grand Street the reflection of the present Fifth Avenue stores and Times Square theatres;—but now we see the seat of the growing town's culture and refinement. To-day Washington Square remains, to discriminating people, the most charming and most sought residential section in the city.

Any number of fine doorways remain as testimony to the days of its greatness, and to that most elegant period of American taste. It was the period when the French influence in the city was so marked that Mrs. Francis Trollope, in visiting New York, said that she felt herself in a French provincial town. It was the time when Washington Irving was the center of a brilliant group of writers, when such painters as Vanderlyn and Morse, such architects as McComb and Thompson were enriching American art; when Duncan Fyfe in his furniture workshop on Fulton Street was making his Directoire sofas, and charming lyre-back chairs.

The history, as well as the beauty of Greenwich Village warrants its popularity,

for it is the site of the oldest settlement of white men on Manhattan, after that founded around Fort Amsterdam. Its boundaries are roughly, the Hudson River, West 14th Street and the line made by Minetta Creek, running north of Charlton Street to the river. But even before it grew to these dimensions, it was an old Indian village, Sappokanican near Gansevoort Market,—when Hendric Hudson reached the island in 1609. The region was fertile, and its natural drainage made it healthful. There was an abundance of wild fowl, and the waters were alive with any number of varieties of fish. Indeed there may be old New Yorkers today who recall way back in their boyhood, the days when they used to angle for trout from the stone bridge at Canal Street and Broadway, and hunt for snipe on the Lispenar Meadows (a little south of Greenwich).

In 1744, Sir Peter Warren, husband of Susannah De Lancey, bought a large tract of land there for a country home. He was a jolly, high-handed rover, who grew wealth-

n the booty he gathered from British enemies on the high seas. With these riches, he bought the three hundred acres of what had once been Governor Van Twiller's tobacco farm,—the same little village of Sappokanian. There he built a mansion, brought up three marriageable daughters, and named the streets which grew up about his estate, for his son-in-laws. His own adventurous history is fascinating, and ended with splendor and dignity in Westminster Abbey.

Besides the natural advantages and the impetus given it by Sir Peter, Greenwich was to receive its greatest "boost" when the yellow fever epidemic spread through the lower end of Manhattan. It was in 1822 when 84 persons died, and nearly 20,000 fled to the little village. Banks crowded characteristically into one small street, which still bears witness to the fact in its name; stores were hurriedly opened, and streets grew up where lanes had been. What wonder that Gouverneur Morris and his committee of "City planners" were distraught! What won-

der that now 4th Street stubbornly crosses 10th, and 11th, and 12th!

A lovely shore road, along the present Greenwich Street, became the fashionable drive, and through it a stage ran twice a day to Wall Street. A beautiful estate covered Richmond Hill, one of the old sand hills called by the Dutch "Zandtberg," which was occupied by Washington as his headquarters. It was there that his life-guardsman, Hickey, tried to poison him. The estate was later bought by Aaron Burr, who made it the scene of lavish hospitality. He constructed an artificial pond, set up a beautiful entrance gateway at what is now MacDougall and Spring Streets, and gathered there all the elegance and culture of the time. Jerome Bonaparte was a guest there, Talleyrand, Volney, Louis Phillippe, Mayor Livingston, Jefferson, Madison,—Hamilton.

In this southern part of the Village there are many whole blocks of the past,—whole blocks of little low red brick houses, scattered among big wholesale grocery lofts and an

occasional publishing building. Here and there one of these old houses has been charmingly restored, all the grace of its doorway enhanced by white paint, all its little paned windows sparkling and clean. But no one of the streets has been so completely brought back to its own, as Charlton.

It is a very typical and charming spot to start in, with almost every house,—occupied by artists or literary folk,—a gem. One may stop and gaze with impunity. Through it and up Hudson Street one comes to more modest but still quite pleasing bits,—and all along past the old buildings on King and West Houston, one sees the solid respectability of the early Victorian town. In many of the quaint houses there live now the Irish who used to distinguish the reliable "old 9th" ward politically, and even more the Italians who have pushed so many of the Irish out. But here even the Italians live better than elsewhere in New York; here they have more breathing space; here there never was, and never will be, a real slum district.

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Over Clarkson Street, one passes the old burial-ground of St. John's Chapel, and at the corner of Carmine Street, the very spot where the lamppost stood where negroes are said to have been hanged during the draft riots of an earlier day.

At 113 Carmine, Edgar Allan Poe lived in a little wooden house. He was then twenty-seven years old, and had just resigned the editorship of the Southern Literary Messenger. Nine years after this he moved to the little Fordham cottage by which we know him best, and it was there that his child wife, Virginia, died, and there for two years that he continued to live, lonely and almost alone. (The house still stands in Poe Park, Kingsbridge Road, The Bronx).

Through Carmine Street, one must go and take a peep down queer little Minetta Lane, once the brook that bounded the town, called by the Dutch "Grandfather's Little Creek,"—and now just funny angles and little old frame houses. Throughout this section roamed Thomas Paine, renowned author of the "Age

of Reason," when discouraged and penurious he was living at Bleecker and Barrow Streets with Mme. Bonneville.

Back again to Bleecker, one goes northwest a few blocks and arrives at Grove Street. At the foot of this street (west), is St. Luke's Chapel, a squat little square-towered church, standing solidly there on Hudson Street between rows of equally solid low, red-brick houses.

Right near here, on Grove Street, is a little opening between numbers 10 and 12, and in it, to the rear, you will find a veritable Pomander Walk,—three three-story brick houses, now charmingly endowed, but once quite sinister. It is said to have been the scene of O. Henry's "The Last Leaf."

Over at West 10th Street and the river, there used to stand for many years, the State's prison, where convict labor was first directed into channels for which its men were fitted. Although the old building is not standing, there are old houses on tiny Weehawken Street, probably built before 1767,

which indicate the color of those earlier days. They appear on a map of that date, and are among the oldest buildings in New York.

Along Seventh Avenue near 13th Street is a row of old houses set deep in yards with bits of porch—a sight unusual in New York, and scrambled for now by those seeking "atmosphere"! At Seventh Avenue and 12th Street, Clemenceau lived—when New York and he were younger. And at Sixth Avenue and 11th, there is another bit of old Jewish burial-ground belonging to the same synagogue as that at Oliver and New Bowery. Still farther east, on 11th Street near Fifth Avenue, the houses increase in charm as well as in rental, and the elite of the city have added one of these to their various other dwellings. It is the way,—down in these parts: an artist delights in a sweet old house, only to have Fifth Avenue come down and buy it away from him. This one block was given the prize not long ago, as the most beautiful street in Greenwich Village.

Between 11th and 12th Streets on Fifth Avenue stands the old First Presbyterian Church, till attracting the aristocratic congregation which so distinguishes, as it always has distinguished, lower Fifth Avenue and Washington Square. The church of Rev. Percy Stickney Grant is at 10th Street.

All along in this dignified old section, fine colonial houses, like the Lenox houses at 60 and 62, recall the day when it was called the finest residential street in the world! And it is not far from that now. For with all their simplicity there is a gracefulness about our colonial houses which makes them lighter and more charming than their heavier, more solid Georgian prototypes in London.

The Brevoort House at 8th Street still has French patronage and cuisine, and it is only too easy to imagine Mme. Cavallini of Edward Sheldon's famous play, "Romance," sweeping through its old and narrow halls, and sought here by the sore-tempted Thomas Armstrong. Over 10th Street to 6th Avenue, again ast delightfully "redeemed" houses, we come

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to the "hub" of Greenwich Village activity, with Jefferson Market looming up sinister at the juncture of 6th Avenue and Greenwich. Until quite recently it held Night Court sessions for women, which attracted such numbers of morbid sightseers that the doors had finally to be closed to visitors. From pretty young girls, in for the first time to old hags as often on as off "the island,"—they all used to be jumbled together, a sordid mixture, awaiting sentence. There was frequently a well-dressed man among the onlookers, waiting to pay the fine for a pretty enough girl, but rarely if ever was there a relative or a friend.

Right under the shadow of Jefferson Market Court, John Masefield worked as bartender's helper, and in little Christopher Street Square only a step away, he is said to have cleaned cuspidors.

In back of the Market, in a little opening on 10th Street between 6th and Greenwich Avenues, is quaint little Patchin Place, unsanitary and damp perhaps, but assuredly

literary and artistic! It is a double row of low brick houses, a high rear wall, a few brave trees, with a little lamppost at its head. It is a veritable bit of London! Around the corner from it, on 6th Avenue, in a still smaller opening, is Milligan Place, a queer little triangle, also frequented by the "literary," and showing the old slant of the lane that used to connect "Amos" Street with "Union" Road. Gay Street and Little Jones, west of 6th Avenue, are odd byways full of possibilities, but not yet exploited by real estate speculator and studio-seeker.

From 6th Avenue back to Washington Square, any street is interesting. There is 3th with its fascinating book-shops and little restaurants; Waverly Place with some lovely houses; 4th Street, with numerous garret and cellar "tea rooms" and "fudge" parlors. But in Washington Square itself, with its beautiful red brick houses on the north side and its famous studios on the south,—"Bohemia and the Proletariat gazing enviously at Belgravia,"—there you must pause.

Long ago Henry James set the fashion by placing the scene of one of his novels there, and his example has been followed so assiduously that almost every number of every magazine has at least one story set right here “in the Square.” “It has,” says James, “a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the long, shrill city; it has a richer, riper look than any of the upper ramifications of the great longitudinal thoroughfare—the look of having had something of a social history.” There on the south side, in a house with a high stoop, lived David Graham Phillips when he wrote “The Great God Success,” and there he laid the scenes that were in many ways autobiographical.

But the south side of the Square is no longer the refuge of poor and struggling artists. As in all other parts of Greenwich Village, the rents there have now soared, and the young and not yet famous worker must move north to the uninspiring regions of flats and numbered streets. Or he may, as

any painters have already done, seek some
siness loft and transform it into a studio.
t Washington Square South remains "artis-
—the home now of the established and
owned.

Very much like it in history is the famous
MacDougall Alley. Once just the stable yard
of the big Washington Square houses, it was
used by a group of earnest artists into a
v of studios, and has now been imitated
a very pretentious degree by all the little
occo dwellings of Washington "Mews."
th of these little alleyways are about a
f block north of the square and both are
arming and unusual.

In the southwest corner of the Square,
on MacDougall Street a few steps, is the
Vincetown Players' little theatre, lodged
in stable. It was here that Eugene O'Neill's
first came to light, plays that have
brought him the epithet of greatest American
wright. (It was here, too, by the way,
a little book shop at No. 37—that a group
of young men conceived the idea of publishing

the Little Leather Library—the classics of all literature, bound like this volume you hold in your hand, to be sold at so low a price that even the poorest person might possess a good library. In 1915, the first year of this enterprise, so characteristic of Greenwich Village, only a few thousand of these books were sold; but by 1923, it had become one of the largest publishing enterprises in the world, its books selling by the millions of copies).

So spreads the influence of Washington Square—immortalized in picture and in verse and story. It is as a Glackens picture that we want to remember it—the big sweep of its white arch, the mellow age of its fine old houses, the vivid green of a bus passing through, and the bright-eyed little Italian children peeping curiously into the well guarded perambulators of the rich. It typifies the infinite variety of picturesque New York

CHELSEA VILLAGE AND GRAMERCY PARK

In this region where the streets are evenly blocked and numerically named, a detailed route is unnecessary. 9th Ave. "L" to 23d St. is most direct. After seeing Chelsea walk across 29th St. to the 1st Side, or take 23d St. Crosstown car. Madison Square is 23d to 26th Sts. between 5th and Madison Avenues. Gramercy Park is 20th to 22nd Sts. between 4th and 3d Avenues.)

Leaving behind us Union Square, drab and uninteresting since the big navy battle ship was there during the war,—the square, by the way, where so many boys landed who had joined the navy to see the world,—and walking from there along 14th Street, we passed briefly through one of the last of the shifting city's main streets. It was on 14th Street that the parents of our prosperous New York friends used to live, in good, solid, Victorian houses, exemplified in the Van Beuren house No. 21, and the Cruger Mansion at 126 (now housing the Salvation Army). But we were seeking Chelsea Village, older than these

parts and once approached through Love Lane.

But by any course, at 19th Street and 9th Avenue, we reach the heart of Chelsea. Over all this section once ran the estate of Capt. Clark, which descended to his grandson, Clement Moore, author of the familiar "Twas the Night Before Christmas." The square, unknown to many New Yorkers,—with its green lawns, and the quadrangle and ivy covered buildings of the General Theological Seminary, and with fine residences on two of its sides,—is the only bit of loveliness in the unbroken regularity and commonness and ugliness of the vast west side up to 72nd Street. Unlike the east side, there are no transplanted foreign communities scattered about, no crooked streets, no pictureque, even if dirty, alleyways,—only gridiron precision and block upon block of tenements!—So drink long in the fleeting charm of this last oasis.

On 23rd Street, still in Chelsea, stands the familiar row of tall plastered houses set in deep front yards. It is London Terrace.

where fascinating Countess Olenska lived when Newland surreptitiously visited her—in Edith Wharton's "Age of Innocence." And by way of contrast, on 24th Street, between 9th and 10th Avenues, stand the more modest houses of Chelsea Cottage Row, survivors of the pleasant village, two miles from "town!"

In bridging the crosstown space between Chelsea Village and its corresponding section on the east side—the enticing calm of Gramercy Park,—there are two interesting churches to pass. At the corner of 5th Avenue and 29th Street stands the Marble Collegiate Church, successor to the ancient "Church in the Fort," in the yard of which the old bell may still be seen that used to ring to service the solemn Dutch traders; while across the Avenue snuggles the famous "Little Church Around the Corner," fervently named so by Joseph Jefferson.

It was back in 1871, when Joseph Holland, an English actor, had died. Jefferson, arranging the funeral, went to the church which stood at Madison Avenue and 28th Street.

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The minister there told him that his congregation would object to an actor being buried from their church, adding conscientiously, however: "But there *is* a little church around the corner where they have such funerals." And it was then that Mr. Jefferson, at such hardness in the face of death exclaimed: "All honor to that Little Church Around the Corner!" And from that time on, it has been the religious refuge of theatrical folk. Here Lester Wallack was buried, Dion Boucicault, Edwin Booth. In the inscription of the Booth Memorial window breathes the spiritual greatness of these people, in the words of Hamlet: "As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, a man that fortune's buffets and rewards, has ta'en with equal thanks."

Madison Square, an old parade ground, was, of course, like the other parks,—City Hall, Washington, Bryant,—once a potters' field. Dominated by the noble Metropolitan Tower, a beacon for miles beyond the city, and patronizingly gazed down on by the Flat-

iron and 5th Avenue buildings, it has offered inspiration to artists innumerable. "Madison Square at Night" with its myriad sparkling windows rising to the black skies; "Madison Square in Winter," softened by snow,—how often we see it beautifully displayed in galleries and art shops! To every roaming city child this square is known: for it is where he can hear, any noon, the funny soap-box orators of every creed and color; it is where the city Christmas tree, the enormous spruce with its electric candles, stands; and it is, above all, the one place where he *may* be able to see "The Biggest Circus Show on Earth" which arrives every spring. Here he hears the yelps from the dog-show, and here he sees the lines of eager men, blocks long, awaiting entrance to the big prize fights.

But plebeian Madison Square is quite a contrast to her nearby sister, Gramercy Park. Known to the Dutch as "krom moerasje," crooked little swamp, it became in 1780 Gramercy Seat, the twenty-acre farm of Mayor

James Duane. It is the last private park in New York, its key held only by a privileged few, and its children quite uncontaminated by the picturesque Italians of Washington and Stuyvesant Squares. There is scarcely a house facing it that has not been written up, photographed, put into fiction, and sold at unbelievable prices. And well they might be! Look for instance at the beautiful grill work on the houses on the west side, and the interesting sculpture on the Samuel Tilden house, at No. 14-15, South, now the home of the National Arts' Club. On the north side at 21st Street and Lexington Avenue is the old Stanford White house, now the Princeton Club. There is, in all these houses, fine dignified lines, heavy perhaps, but expressing what was best in our architecture in the mid-nineteenth century.

Near the park are charming streets, shadowed, it is true, by the big silk lofts and publishers' buildings on 4th Avenue, but quiet and restful. There is broad Irving Place, and the completely redeemed 19th

Street. At No. 35, lived Horace Greeley; at 53 East 20th, the Carey Sisters; and at No. 28 of the same street, Theodore Roosevelt was born. Washington Irving lived with his nephew at the southwest corner of 17th Street and Irving Place, when he came, a travelled old writer, to visit the city in the '40's. Very close to it, at 55 Irving Place, in the front room on the second floor of the dingy four-story brownstone house, lived O. Henry! and as he was opposed to any strenuous exercise, the quintessence of his story-land probably lies within a half-mile circle of this spot.

Tammany Hall, embellished with its Indian chief, seems quite definitely settled after four shiftings since 1789,—on the north side of 14th Street. It is a calm reminder that in spite of our intellectual Gramercy Park and our literary Washington Square, politics still go on, and that far from either park, there's a vast west side, and a vaster east side, with a vast obliging vote!

THE NORTHWARD PURSUIT

(Broadway Subway to 116th St. Columbia University at 116th and Broadway. Cathedral of St. John the Divine at 111th St. and Amsterdam; Grant's Tomb, 122nd St. and Riverside Drive; "The Claremont," at 124th St. and Riverside. Take bus on Drive north to 160th St. E to Jumel Place. Return to Broadway and 155th St. to Spanish Museum. N on subway to 181st St. Walk W to Fort Washington Ave. Follow Road north past Abbey Inn down curve, back to Broadway. Continue N on Broadway to Dyckman House, near Dyckman St. Or subway from 157th St. to Dyckman, omitting walk. Subway from Dyckman St. to Van Cortlandt Park.)

It was after he had crossed over Kips' Bay on to Manhattan, and left behind him the busy little town on the very tip of the island, —it was then that General Washington felt the pressure of the British troops and Lord Howe behind him. Up at the Apthorpe Mansion (91st Street and Broadway), he stopped, only to be pushed relentlessly, and not until the fleeing army reached Harlem Heights, did it stop again, and face the enemy with a

determination that checked further demoralization. It was the one and very significant victory of the Americans in New York, and the remains of its earthworks and fortifications are still apparent, in Central Park's quaint little Block House, and in Morningside Park near 123rd Street. All around the latter spot relics of English occupation have been found, buttons of various foot regiments and cannon balls innumerable.

We wonder if, as he stood there on the heights, Washington could have imagined, even on that day of victory, the wonders that were to spread over those very bluffs. On Morningside Heights there now rises the huge dome of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which, when completed, is to rank with St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, and the Milan Cathedral; now the campus of Columbia University covers the battle region; and everywhere rise palatial apartment houses with every convenience and comfort of twentieth century ingenuity.

(The "Claremont," beautifully situated on

the Hudson River, near Grant's tomb, was built shortly after the Revolution, and was lived in by the Earl of Devon, when in 1807 he viewed the trial trip of Fulton's steamship. In 1815 the house was taken over by Joseph Bonaparte.)

The Morris House, now called the Jumel Mansion, where Washington had his headquarters during the battle, is one of the rare gems in the city. It is a beautiful specimen of Georgian architecture,—such a significant contrast in its big hospitable rooms, to the little boxes of apartments which have sprung up near it! After the various vicissitudes of war, when it was successively American, English, and Hessian headquarters, it was bought after the Revolution, during New York's French period, by Stephen Jumel.

It was Jumel who took his own ship to France in 1815, hoping to bring Napoleon Bonaparte back with him. His widow, who later married Aaron Burr, only to be soon separated and divorced from him,—entertained all the famous French emigrés there,—

among them, Louis Napoleon, and Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte. Fitz-Greene Halleck, also a guest there, is said to have written his celebrated "Marco Bozzaris" from a rock out in back.—The house overlooks now the peaceful Harlem valley, and shakes its wooden sides, in ironic glee, perhaps, at the savage battles of the Giants and other baseball teams in the Polo Grounds below.

(While in this neighborhood one should stop at the exquisite Spanish Museum, 155th Street and Broadway, with its little gem of a chapel, completely imported from Spain. Along with the three other institutions situated in this same block, these buildings form what is now called the New York Acropolis.

Only two months after the victory of Harlem Heights, came the pitiful surrender of Fort Washington, the center of the American earthworks. We all know the story,—of Washington's judgment overruled by Congress, and consequently a garrison of 3,000 strong, captured. The remains of the fort are on the heights of 183rd Street and the

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Hudson River, while all along this beautiful section of the city have been found relics that show the extent of battle.

There is a fine walk here up Fort Washington Avenue from 181st Street, past the Libby Castle, once occupied by Tweed, past Fort Tryon and the beautiful Billings estate.—It was on these breastworks that Margaret Corbin, during the American retreat, stuck by the cannon after her husband had been shot down beside her,—stuck until she was shattered by a bullet, and disabled for life!—At "The Abbey," now a restaurant, the road curves around and down the hill again to Broadway.

Up Broadway, a few blocks from here, is the Dyckman House, a typical farm house of the colonial period. It is now redeemed and furnished according to its kind and period, and is a vivid reminder of those days,—very well worth a visit. Behind it, in the woods, was discovered an Indian rock-dwelling, containing aboriginal pottery, tools, bones,—all of which are now in the American Museum

of Natural History;—while in the rocks above was a store place, and below, under a large rock, the evidences of use of a fireplace. The relics show a long period of occupation by tribes, in the days ancient even to General Washington and his sad retreating army. . .

It was a victorious Washington returning to New York in 1783, who stopped over night at the Van Cortlandt House, now in Van Cortlandt Park. It is not only as fine a house to visit as the Jumel Mansion, but, set out in the midst of a green park, and approached by a quaint Dutch garden, it is the loveliest historic spot in the city. It was built in 1748, and its ancient key stones over the windows were probably brought from Holland. It is exquisitely furnished, and once a week, in the fine old kitchen downstairs, before an enormous log fire, the Colonial Dames serve tea.

Sitting there in the flickering candlelight, and watching the play of light and shadow on the polished pots hanging about the fireplace, you lean back in the worn old Windsor chair and feel the past crowding thick about you:—

ladies in flowered silk and men in velvets and wigs, dance lightly in the big rooms above you, in a stately minuet; a dairymaid carrying a three-legged stool, runs over the flagged path behind the house; while over their work, the servants tell stories of the bears in the woods close by, and Indians not so far away, —Not till a log drops with a crash, do you jump, and realize that you must run to the very modern subway, and get back as quickly as you can—into the biggest city in the world!

THE HIGH SPOTS

There is so much that the visitor to New York is bound to see and hear about, anyway! So much that such a little book need not tell him!

There is, for instance, the theatre. He can scarcely miss that,—ranging along Broadway, as it does, from the subtleties of modern Viennese plays to gorgeous spectacular revues and the so-called "ham-and-eggs" American drama. But will he think—at all—about those other theatres, those other players, of the past, that reached the culmination of their fame here long before? He has, in his travels about the city, passed the little "Theatre Alley" entrance to the Park Theatre where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first produced; and the Bowery Theatre of melodramatic fame. He saw old Castle Garden where Jenny Lind sang, and Cooper Union, the scene of the famous Macready-Forrest riots.

But do not let him forget that epoch in the American Theatre, when Harrigan had the

theatre on 35th Street (now the Garrick), and when Augustin Daly's stock company was playing, season after season, at the old Daly. It was in that company that John Drew played opposite Ada Rehan,—a company that comprised as well, Fanny Davenport, Henrietta Crossman, Mrs. Gilbert. It was the tradition of fine acting, that blooms now in this generation in the three Barrymores and their famous Broadway contemporaries.

Then there are the shops! Surely, without being told, the visitor will walk up the grand boulevard of Park Avenue with its palatial apartments, and down Madison with its shops that rival any in Europe! For the war-ridden old world has sent into New York all that she can bear to part with, and in the Spanish, Italian, French, Viennese, and Russian shops on Madison Avenue, one can find ancient bits of rarest beauty.

And then 5th Avenue! Of course he knows it! Of course he goes into the beautiful public library and visits St. Patrick's Cathedral

and all the other well-known churches! Of course he knows every name along it! Of course—But one can *not* be casual about 5th Avenue! The visitor must see it all! He must not miss at least one long afternoon's promenade there. He must just saunter along among the best dressed women in the world, and look into those same shop windows which he would look into if he were in the Rue Royale, Rue de la Paix, or old Bond Street,—while the green and red traffic eyes flash big winks at him, as they control the movements of thousands of automobiles. He must see that the buildings he is passing are beautiful,—the magnificent Renaissance palace housing the University Club, which Arnold Bennett admired so much; the exquisitely proportioned Duveen studio building, Gorham's, Knoedler's Gallery, the magnificent department store buildings from Altman's to Gidding's, the enormous Hecksher tower with its golden cock looking proudly down on the mansion of the Vanderbilts!

Begrudgingly perhaps—but feeling that he

ought—the visitor trudges through the mazes of the museums. But why? Just let him go restfully, of an afternoon, into one gallery of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Let him have one of its very splendid instructors perhaps, take him to that part which most appeals to him. Let him be transported into an entirely different world! For to walk about in the big medieval hall with its gleaming armor and its tattered old banners,—is to be suddenly back in the days of Crusaders. Cluny, in Paris, has the finest medieval collection in the world, but there is no spot in it where you can get the same thrill—no spot so arranged that you can feel the spirit of the tournament, or the Wars of the Roses,—as you do in this magnificent pageant. To saunter into the French rooms, is like visiting Versailles or Fontainbleau. There you see the very chairs that the exquisite French ladies used, in the days when “taste” and “elegance” were paramount. There are the very panels on the walls they gazed on, and the marvelous desks at which they

wrote their often indiscreet *billet doux*. One sees in this beautiful cabinet work, the work of those artists of the extravagant French courts, who gave their whole beings to their kings and queens,—this work alone being their immortality!

Not very far from the museum, there is a section which the visitor surely would not visit,—a section which the majority of New Yorkers do not know even by name. It is East River Park, a beautiful, unexpected stretch of green right along the river front. (85th Street Crosstown car or bus east to East River.) From it one sees the East River islands—Blackwell's, Ward's, Randall's, sheltering the city charges in hospitals, and prisons, and insane asylums,—Hell Gate, where even now navigation is dangerous, and Mill Rock, where a blockhouse stands, built in 1812 in defence of the city. In this park is the old Gracie House, a fine frame country house, built by the British merchant in 1813, and perfectly preserved. Near here John Jacob Astor also had his country home. Little

Henderson Place, one of the few quaint blind alleys left in the city, undoubtedly will soon be caught up by “atmosphere” seekers! Hell Gate Bridge, which spans the East River at this point, has the longest steel span of any bridge in the world.

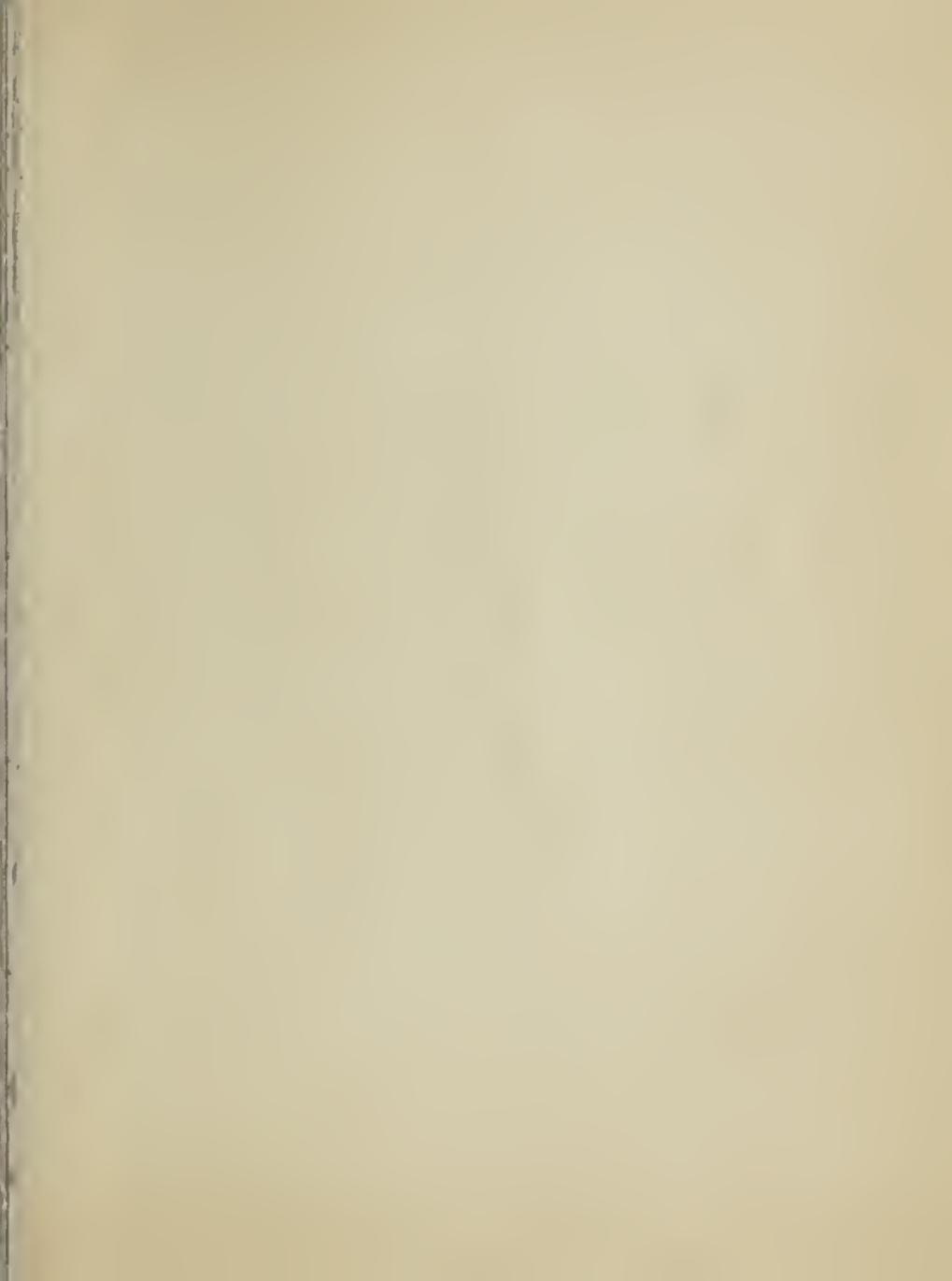
A similar spot, not generally known to the average New Yorker, Sutton Place, at 57th Street and the East River, has already been redeemed and is like a charming bit of London's old Chelsea. Here some of the wealthiest people in the city have sought refuge from the ordinary, and they have as beautiful a view as Whistler gives us in his famous blue “Battersea.” Here there is the same grey of the nearby opposite shore, the lovely curve of Queensboro Bridge, and the busy little river craft below.

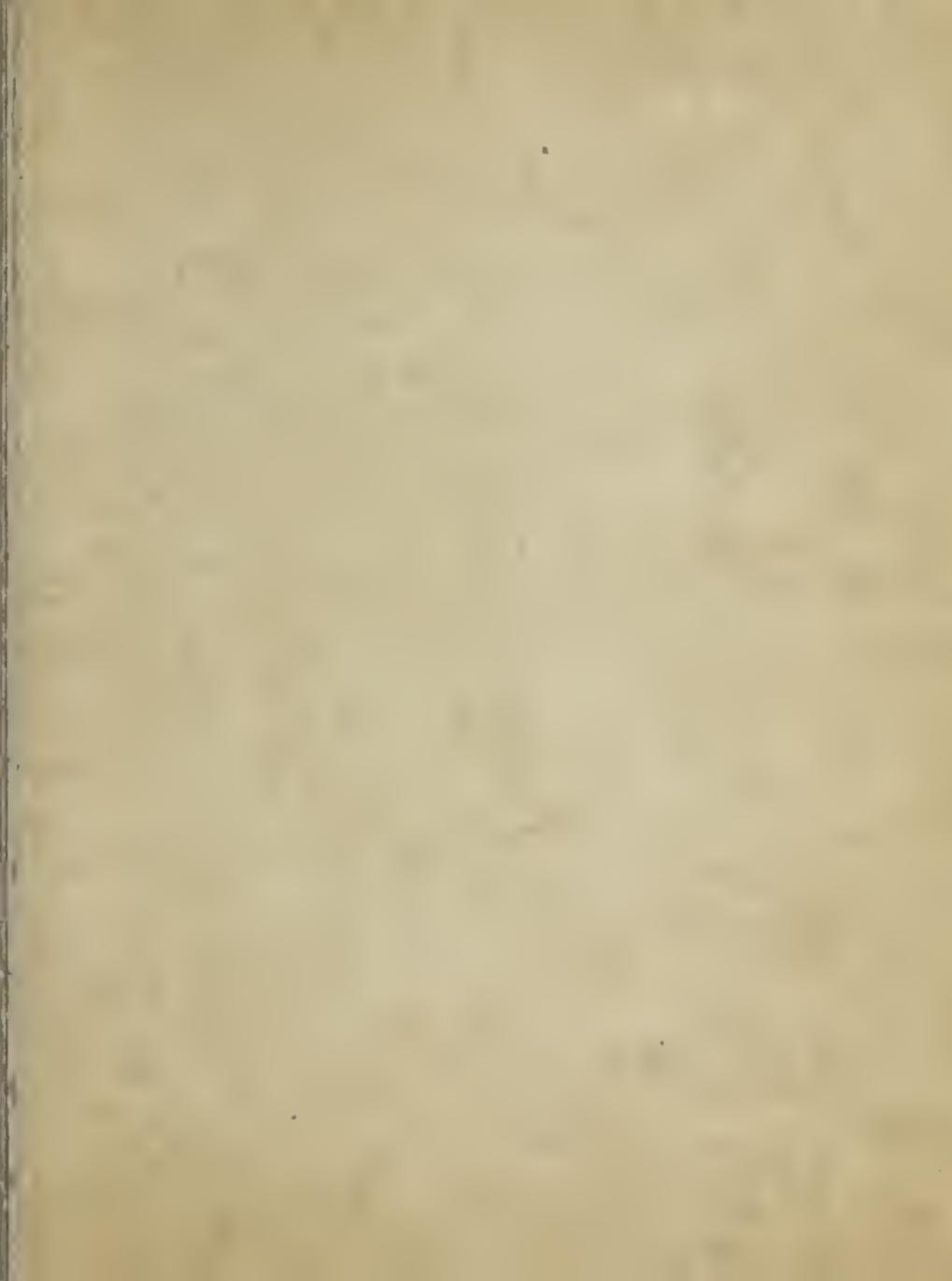
But one cannot see it all! Enough that the visitor, curious about the city's beginnings, watches it grow, sees it shoot up from the toe of Manhattan Island till it covers it all and then spreads over. Enough that, in doing so, he sees that there is beauty in it. For there

are spots in the city that are really inspiring, and he must not fail to visit them. He must, for instance, plan to have his visit to the Woolworth Building fall at sunset time. He must see its enormous Gothic tower rise against a reddened sky, every rich detail of it silhouetted, and its gold gleaming. He must walk then, just a way, over fine old Brooklyn Bridge, to see the city "light up"—to see its windows become myriad stars opening up, one here, another there, and then, fast, furiously, until lower New York is all ablaze!

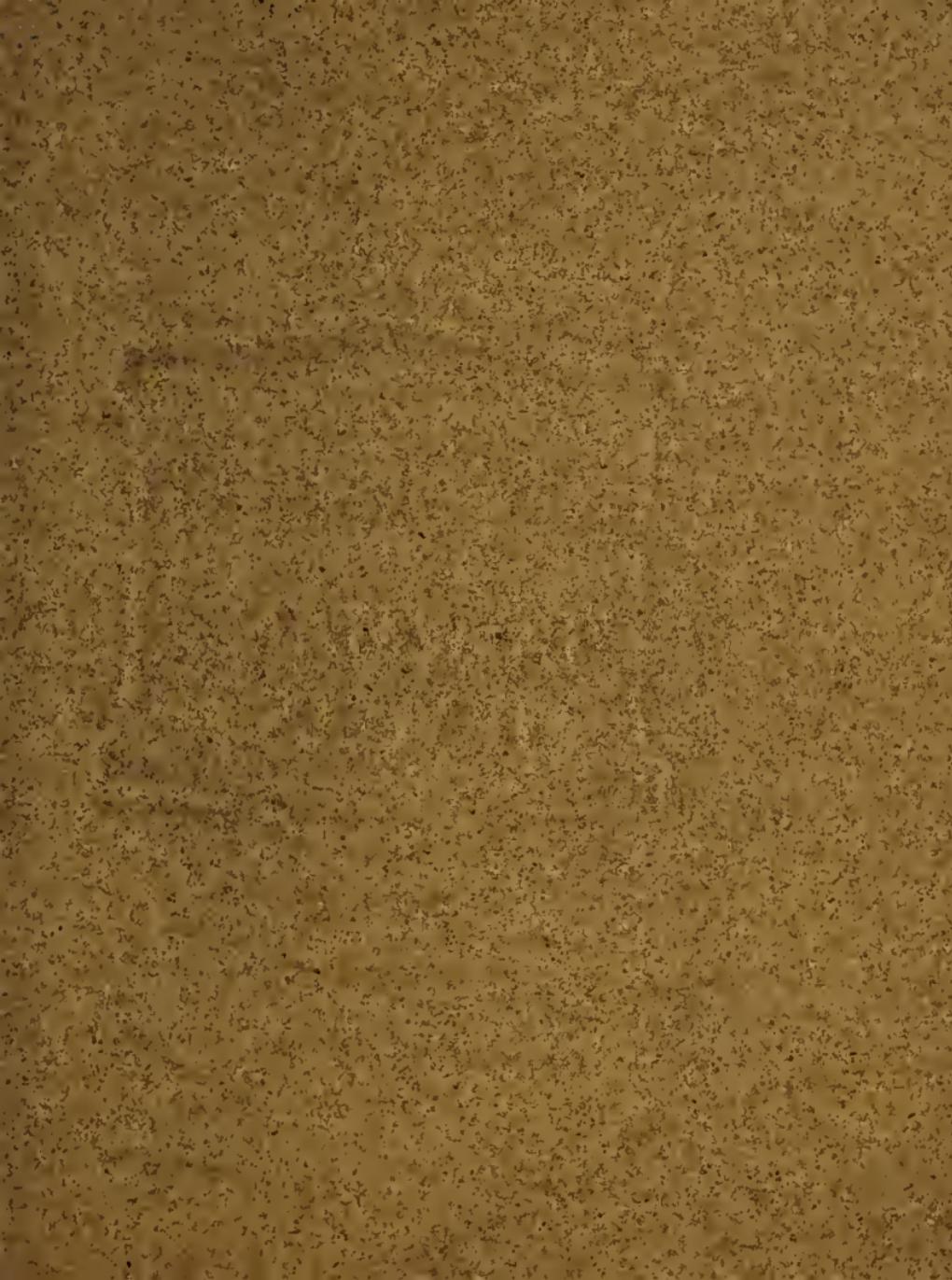
He must go out Riverside Drive along the Hudson River with its stretch of lovely parkway, its majestic palisades, and the seemingly infinite distances—beyond—up into the north. For the Hudson is without doubt the most beautiful river that any big city can boast: the Seine is but a narrow creek, arched by lovely bridges, and who but a Whistler could see beauty in the crowded muddy Thames! And as for "Tiber, Father Tiber," one can live in Rome an entire winter, and not be aware of its existence!

Let the visitor see his New York so, and let him wander, just once, when the rush of the city has been great,—to the quiet spots of Central Park. Let him sit on a bench there, where the hum of the city is far away, and then, slowly, stroll along the lake. Over to the east, the Italian Renaissance palaces rise above the trees, homes of the richest in the land,—while southward, the red beacon light of the Metropolitan Tower counts out the quarter hours,—quarter hours that pass by in New York so fast, but teeming with activity, and each one marking some problem solved, another milestone reached!









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